3. 2.

THE Country Innocence:

OR, THE

Chamber-Maid TURN'D QUAKER.

A

COMEDY.

With Alterations and Amendments.

As it is now ACTED at the
THEATRE-ROYAL.

Written by *JOHN LEANERD.*

Licensed, *Apr.* 6. 1677. *Roger L'Estrange.*

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THE

COUNTRY INNOCENCE;

OR, THE

CHAMBER-MAID

A

COMEDY.

To his Honoured Friend

Sir *FRANCIS HINCHMAN.*

IN my juvenile Years, when I had the Honour of being your School-fellow, you not only encourag'd my Fancy, but gave me ſuch Inſtructions, as I may boldly ſay, rais'd me to this Height of Preſumption; and although I dare not reckon my ſelf amongſt the Number of thoſe who daily Rival each other for their Indear'd Mrs. Laureat, *yet I durſt preſume in the defence of my* Country Innocence, *to put in for a ſmall ſhare of that Great Glory, eſpecially ſince uſher'd into th' World under your Noble Patronage. That ſhe will meet in this lewd Age with a thouſand Inconveniencies, and ſevere Cenſures, ſome of which may, perhaps, blaſt her Virgin Purity; yet being under your Protection, I make no doubt, will arm her ſo againſt th' Aſſaults of Malice, that ſhe need no more fear the Envy of a Private Cenſurer, than on the Stage ſhe did the Honour of her Royal Auditors.*

It was a happineſs I did not hope for to have her Cauſe try'd by Majeſty and Goodneſs; but ſince you ſtill were happy in all your Undertakings, I made no doubt (you Applauding th' effect of a few lazy hours) but Fortune would ſave me from that ſevere Damnation, the Critick's Noiſe and Nonſenſe: Though Arrogance, and Impudence, are an Author's chief dependency, yet Modeſty and Baſhfulneſs ſhall proclaim how much I fear the Rigor of this Cenſorious Age.

Sir, I am ſenſible, I come far ſhort, both of Merit and thoſe Commendations, you were pleas'd to beſtow upon me, ſince this trifling piece, I'm ſure can merit neither; How-ere it muſt needs be much to my ſatisfaction to have acquir'd the honour of your love and liking, and as this is the firſt I ever ventur'd to undertake, I hope it will not be the laſt you will do me the honour to Protect.

Self-Love in Poetry is much like Self-Affection in a Woman, who ſhall communicate with her Glaſs a whole day together, and never find (though ſhe be moſt deform'd) the leaſt Object that may proclaim her Odious.

After I had begun this Piece, and had finiſhed the two firſt Acts, I was doubtful whether I ſhou'd make any farther progreſſion, till by for-

tune you came in and gave me such good Encouragement, I flew to make an End: Which makes me say with Homer:

Inspir'd with Friendship, and your good Advice,
I strove to please the Age, though nere so nice.

And that's the hardest Task a man can undertake, especially in this Age, where Wit consists only in gawdy Cloaths, monstrous French *Dances, and dam'd dull Machines. A Play cannot be made without a Painter, nor expect Applause unless your gentile* French-man *teaches their Feet more Nonsense, than their Tongues that day can utter; those are the Toys now Please.*

But for you, who understand the very soul of Plays, and can by the Person guess at his Works, were pleas'd to like this Antient way of Writing, and though I have not those taking Graces which the World admires, yet you were pleas'd to like my Country Innocence, *in its homely dress, as well as those fine Plays compos'd of Noise and Ornament.*

Sir, I keep you by my Impertinence from your more serious Studies, and from that which you may better like than these rude Lines. Yet I hope as you have hitherto incourag'd me, you will not now condemn him who writ more to please you than himself, hoping by that means to Ingratiate my self more into your favour than ever, and without offence, presume to write my self,

Sir, the most Constant Admirer

of You and your Merits,

Your Servant to Command,

JOHN LEANERD.

TO THE

TO THE

READERS.

YOu may imagine, That I am vain-glorious in thus Crouding a Play into the World, before 'twas ſcarce acquainted with it; but when you, as well as I, know the Reaſon, you will not blame my haſt. I think there is ſcarce any that us'd to ſee Plays, but went (nay crouded) to help a new Author into th' World, and I think (without Oſtentation) never was Houſe more throng'd; what Applauſe it had, I'll leave to your Cenſuring, not daring to blaſe my own Merits. The firſt, ſecond, and other times it was Acted, I think loſt me no Credit, but as Fortune never for a Continuance ſtays with one perſon, ſo at length ſhe Jaded me, robbing me of the Honour of my Plays continuance for that time; by a Miſchance which hapned to one, whoſe Part was too conſiderable to be quickly ſtudied.

This I thought fit to acquaint the World withal, that it might take off thoſe calumnious and falſe Reproaches, the Criticks of this Age would throw upon me.

But Gentlemen, to you I ſpeak, who judge more for Affection, than for Juſtice, be not ſevere to One ne're writ before; uſe him but as kindly as you do your Miſtris, the firſt Night of your Enjoyment, and then I need not fear, had I a thouſand Enemies.

And

To the Readers.

And you, ſage ſerious Judges, who damn all Plays this Age has yet produc'd, learn to be kind to one you never ſaw; Applaud him, though in whiſpers, and he'll ſtrive, ere long, to give you thanks in that Degree, which you moſt wiſh, and he doth moſt deſire, that is, in once more bringing before you the Works,

GENTLEMEN, of one,

who deſires to be your

Obliging Servant,

JOHN LEANERD. who hath not onely stollen this play out of ye Countrie Girle, but even transcribed ye whole play, wch was written by J. B. & printed Anno 1647, & had beene offered before ye yeare 1641.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE:

Spoken by Mr. *CLARK.*

AS a young Girl that's newly come to Town,
And in her Ruſſet wanders up and down,
Ventures her Maiden-head for half a Crown,
So our young Poet with his firſt Deſign
Hazards his Credit for a Pint of Wine.
Honour's grown wondrous cheap, as well as Plays;
I Gad, both are worth nothing, now adays,
Since ev'ry Fop preſumes to wear the Bays.
Never was Wit ſo much abus'd before;
The Trade's grown common, and the Jilting Whore's
Debauch'd in ev'ry Street, at ev'ry Door.
You men of Wit, of Honour, and Renown,
Thoſe little Fops, the Monſters of the Town,
To be thought witty, with their Noiſe cry down.
But let that paſs; Damn all thoſe men of Senſe,
Whoſe Wit conſiſts in Noiſe and Impudence.
Our Fate's ſo hard, and you are ſo ſevere,
To hiſs and rail, is all your Buſ'neſs here.
The Viſor-Masks you mind, and not the Wit;
Talk Bawdy, and Debauch your ſelves i' th' Pit.
Then in a rage, as if your Wit was ſcar'd,
You damn the Play, though ſcarce a Word you heard.
Pray let Good Nature, now that ſlighted Miſs,
Whiſper the Wits, and beg 'em not to hiſs.
For thoſe whoſe Wit conſiſts in gawdy Cloaths,
In vamping Old, and ſtudying New Oaths,
Ile leave, until their want of Noiſe and Senſe
Damn 'em beyond their own Impertinence.

Actors

Actors Names.

Sir *Oliver Bellingham*, —— Mr. *Lydell.*
Sir *Robert Malory*, —— Mr. *Coysh.*
Captain *Mullineux*, —— Mr. *Goodman.*
Plush, —— Mr. *Wiltshire.*
Rash, —— Mr. *Griffin.*
Gregory Dwindle, —— Mr. *Haynes.*
Mr. *William*, —— Mr. *Powel.*
Old Thrashard, —— Mr. *Watson.*
Abraham his Son, —— Mr. *Styles.*

Two Servants.

Shepherds and Shepherdesses.
A Constable and Watchmen.
Six Morrice Dancers, and Fidlers.

WOMEN.

Lady Lovely, a Widow, —— Mrs. *Marshall.*
Lady Malory, —— Mrs. *Rutter.*
Margaret and *Gillian*, Daughters to *Thrashard.* —— Mrs. *Baker.* / *Sarah Cook.*
Barbara, Lady *Lovely's* Maid, —— Mrs. *Knep.*
Old Gentlewoman, —— Mr. *Perrin.*

A COMEDY,

THE
Country Innocence,
OR, THE
Chamber-maid turn'd QUAKER.

ACT. I.

Enter Sir Oliver *and Mr.* William.

Mr. *Will.* BElieve me, Sir, I have told you what your Worſhip may moſt certainly truſt to.

Sir *Oliv.* — May I not ſpeak with her?

Mr. *Will.* — You know my place— there's no more hope from the deep pit of Grief, to raiſe in her any conceit of Love, than there's to raiſe her Husband up again from the cold Bed he ſleeps in. Take this for all: My Lady, Sir, has vow'd to live and die a Widow— So I leave you. [*Ex. Mr.* Will.

Sir *Oliv.* —Is't poſſible? Well, I know not! but if ſhe has made ſuch a Vow, and keep it! to find out ſuch another and a Phœnix, is but an equal labour.

Enter Mr. Raſh.

Raſh. — Save you Sir *Oliver.*

Sir *Oliv.* — As much to you, kind Mr. *Raſh.*

Raſh. — You have been with the Widow, this melancholy Lady already. Give you much joy of your fair hopes, Sir *Oliver.*

Sir *Oliv.* — As much to your ſelf Sir, kind Mr. *Raſh.*

Raſh. — I'le hope as much as I can, though you are a Knight, and I but an honeſt Citizen: A *Mercer* is a Merchant, and will

look for good Ware for his money. [*Knocking within at the door.*

Sir Oliv. — If he ſhould enter now; I'le ſee the iſſue.

Enter Mr. William.

Raſh. — You know my coming to ſpeak with your Lady Mr. *William*:

Mr. *Will.* — But ſhe's not at leaſure to hear you.

Raſh. — I hope you do but Jeſt.

Mr. *Will.* — Believe me, Sir, in Earneſt.

Raſh. — But I'le not tak't in Earneſt.

Mr. *Will.* — But you muſt. [*Offers to go to the door.*

Though you are a Citizen, you are not free of this Hall, and therefore muſt have no admittance. [*Exit Mr.* Will.

Sir *Oliv.*—Give you much Joy of your fair hopes. Another----

Enter Pluſh.

Pluſh. — Save you Gentlemen: how is't Mr. *Raſh?*

Raſh. — As well as may be Mr. *Pluſh.*

Pluſh. — You have got the ſtart of me, I ſee that Gentlemen; a Suit brought me home this Morning made me ſtay ſomewhat the longer; but my Taylors Bill, like a Woodcock as he is, ſhall be ſo much the longer a paying——you have been within?

Raſh. — In our time.

Pluſh. — I mean this Morning.

Raſh. — But the Lady means no ſuch thing, Sir.

Sir *Oliv.* — We heard of your Worſhips new Suit, and would not go in before it.

Pluſh. — I'le lead the way then. [*Knocks at the door.*

Enter Mr. William.

Mr. *William* good Morrow, good Morrow ſweet Mr. *William*: and wheres the Lady? you ſee we come to come to her.

Mr. *Will.* — By your favour, Sir, you are too haſty.

Pluſh. — Why, is not the Lady up yet?

Mr. *Will.* — Not for you to take her down Sir. Farewell.

Pluſh. — This Fellow's ſawcy. [*Ex. Mr.* Will.

Sir *Oliv.* — Minds not your Worſhips new Suit; but we muſt be content. *Raſh.*

Raſh. — We may be patient, Sir, but not content; for nothing contents me but the Lady.

Enter Sir Robert *Mallory.*

Sir *Rob.* — Who have we here, Mr *Pluſh*, Mr. *Raſh*? I dare be ſo bold as embrace you two—— but my Noble Sir, my SIR of a Thouſand *per Annum.*

Pluſh. — Why, I can be a Knight an I liſt Sir.

Raſh. — And I can be Knight an I liſt Sir.

Sir *Rob.* — Dub'd with the City Dagger— then *Raſh* would be raſh indeed: you come to ſee my Siſter? Las good hearts! Methinks the Gates of themſelves ſhould fly ope to ſuch brave men as you are.

Sir. *Oliv.* — You have the Old Heart ſtill, Sir.

Sir *Rob.* — The Young Heart ſtill Sir *Oliver*—— the Mad Heart, the Merry Heart—— the Light Heart, with the Candle of Conceit burning in it as bright as *Lucifer*, *Heſper* and *Veſper*: you have not been within? I'le turn out this pair of Aſſes, and then you ſhall ſee my Siſter. I perceive by your melancholy looks, my melancholy, pettiſh, peeviſh Siſter is not at this time to be ſpoke withal. 'Tis ſuch a fooliſh Thing;—— ſhe knows not Worth, nor how to entertain't: ſuffice it Gentlemen, I do; and ſhall not go behind her back to let her know your Merits: and in a juſt proportion to that Merit, that maſs of Merit, you ſhall find her favour: So Mr. *Puſh* and Mr. *Raſh* I ſhall deſire you to leave us.

Both—— You'l remember.

Sir *Rob.* —— Shall I remember (Gentlemen) to eat, to ſleep, to drink? then I'le remember you—— [*Ex.* Pluſh *and* Raſh.

Sir *Oliv.* —— Then? —— when Sir *Robert?*

Sir *Rob.* —— When I am aſleep——awake I ſhall never mind 'em, for their Worſhips are hardly worth it.

Sir *Oliv.*—— Yes in a juſt proportion to their merit.

Enter Abraham.

Sir *Rob.* —— Yes, that's juſt nothing —— hang 'em Glow-Worms, hang um.

Sir *Oliv.* —— Here's another Rub in our Alley, Sir.

Sir *Rob.* —— A Tenants Son of mine—— and how does my honeſt *Abraham*?

Abr. —— The better your good Worſhip is well Sir; I was to ſeek your good Worſhip, at your Right Worſhipful Houſe Sir; but miſſing you there, I rejoyce I have met with you here.

Sir *Rob.* —— Why? what's the matter? *Abr'am*, what's the matter?

Abr. —— In the way of Love, as they ſay, from my Father and my Siſter, and my t'other Siſter too—— you know who I mean Sir *Robert*.

Sir *Rob.* —— Thy ſcolding Siſter?

Abr. —— You are in the right.

Sir *Rob.* And how does *Margaret* my Pretty Tenant?

Abr. That Pretty One is pretty well Sir.

Sir *Oliv.* Remember me to her by this. [*Gives him a Ring.*

Within this day or two at the fartheſt I ſhould breath a Gelding; it may be that way, and viſit my Pretty Tenant.

Abr. —— Long may your Worſhips Gelding breath, and your Worſhipful Self alſo. I am in haſte Sir *Robert*.

Sir *Rob.* —— Take your own time, Good *Abram*.

Abr. —— Thank your good Worſhip Sir *Robert*.

Sir *Rob.* — I have done your Patience wrong, [*Ex. congying.*

Indeed I have; but the beſt that lies in me to right it, you ſhall command. Now to my Siſter. [*Knocks at the door.*

Now where's my Siſter?

Enter Mr. William.

Mr. *Will.* —— She's within Sir *Robert*.

Sir *Rob.* —— Come then, let's to her.

Mr. *Will.* —— You muſt pardon me: ſhe's ſo retir'd to Solitude, and ſet ſo deep in grief, that till her ſighs and tears will give her leave to entertain ſuch worthy Viſitants, 'tis her ſtrict command that no man enter.

Sir *Rob.* —— Not my ſelf?

Mr. *Will.* —— Your ſelf, Sir, if you would not ſwell her grief too big for her faint Breaſt to carry; give her way, a little time may change her. [*Exit.*

Sir *Rob.* —— 'Tis enough —— you ſee Sir *Oliver*:

Sir. *Oliv.* Your love, Sir *Robert*.

Sir *Rob.* —— But, as her Gentleman diſcreetly ſaid,

A little time may change her: We muſt ſtill
In ſuch a kind humour win a Womans will. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. William *and* Barbara.

Mr. *Will.* —— Come, thou mak'ſt ſuch a matter of nothing.

Bab. —— Nothing, do you call it? I know not, but I'm ſure I feel ſomething—— 'tis almoſt kicking ripe already.

Mr. *Will.* —— Almoſt kicking ripe? —— come, come, thou art a Chambermaid ſtill: —— and I prithee what's this but a Work that belongs to the Chamber?

Bab. —— Well, you will not marry me?

Mr. *Will.* —— And hazard my place with my Lady—— and yet now I think on't——I will——

Bab. —— Marry me?

Mr. *Will.* —— To ſome of my Old Acquaintance: there are Hundreds in the City that have ſwallow'd worſe bits than thou art. [*Exit Mr.* Will.

Enter Lady Lovely *in Mourning vail'd, Lady* Mallory *and Old Gentlewoman.*

Lov. —— Urge me no more; but let the Love you ſeem to ſhow be expres'd in Words, that better ſuit with ſuch a Robe as this, and my immutable reſolve.

Mall. —— Then I perſwade in vain, yet whil'ſt you live (incompaſs'd thus with ſorrow and ſolitude) a Widow you ſeem to voice to the ill cenſuring World ſome imperfection in your ſelf. 'Tis true, you loſt a worthy Gentleman, my ſelf a Noble Brother; yet if you lov'd him living, love him dead; then I am ſure you'l caſt all ſorrow off, and ceaſe to wrong your ſelf.

Old Gentle. —— Mark you that now?

Mall. —— 'Tis the beſt Tomb-ſtone you can lay upon him; the nobleſt Monument you can erect; and to that Monument an Epitaph, ſhall make him live for ever.

Old Gentle. —— Law you there now! —— ſhall make him live for ever! —— you are not dumb tho? —— are you?

Lov. —— Would thou wert, or I had loſt my hearing; I can wiſh nothing ſo adverſe to me, as your Tongues: and therefore if your Viſits bring with them nothing but theſe perſwaſions——

Mall. —— Keep away.

Old Gentle. —— Nay, as ſpeak't as think it. —— Here's a coyle for

for a Husband, I have had for my own part—— 1—2—3—4, and yet if the fifth come up handſomely to me, I know what I I know, I warrant you.

Mall.—— How! Five!

Old Gentle.—— Fifteen, if the Deſtinies had ſo decreed it.

Enter Mr. William.

Mr. *Will.*—— Madam, there be Suitors below to ſee you. Mr. *Raſh* the Mercer---- one *Pluſh* a humorous Gallant, and a ſpick and ſpan new Suitor a Country Gentleman, one Mr. *Gregory Dwindle.*

Old Gentle.---- Spruce Mr. *Raſh* I know.

Mall.---- And I, Mr. *Pluſh*, a notable humorous Coxcomb: but what's that *Gregory?*

Mr. *Will.*---- Unknown to me; but believe me, together they make up a delicate Motion.—— Is your Ladiſhip pleaſed to ſee um?

Lov.---- Preſent your Motion ſomewhere elſe, my Griefs give way to no ſuch lightneſs.

Mr. *Will.*—— I'le tell 'em what you ſay. [*Is going.*

Mall.—— Pray ſtay a little, I know our Suitors are but empty things; not worth our ſerious thoughts: yet Siſter, pray let um Enter, let 'em look upon you.

Lov.—— Still your deſire's my trouble.

Old Gentle.—— Come, come, pray: you are ſo melancholy.

Mall.—— Why, their mirth will be a means to Cure you.

Lov.—— Kill me rather.

Old Gentle.—— Go, bid 'em come.

Lov.—— Bid 'em be gone.

Mall.—— Nay, then you are too Cruel: Stay.

Lov.—— Siſter, if you know no other Merriment, than what you raiſe from my vexation, take it, I will not hinder your Deſires; pray take it.

Old. Gentle.—— You will not leave us, will you?

Lov.—— Yes.

Mall.—— And go mew your ſelf up in your Chamber, like a cloyſtered Nun, there waſte away your tedious Hours in ſighs, and ſpend the Day in groans: for my part, I am altogether for Mirth and open Air; a Priſon can't content me—— but Siſter, before

before you go, let me intreat one favour of you.

Lov. —— What is't?

Mall. —— That in your abſence you'd be pleas'd to let your Waiting Gentlewoman appear in your Apparel: 'tis but ſlipping off this upper Garment, and this Mourning Vaile, and ſhe's my Lady.

Mr. *Will.* —— How? my *Bab*, my Lady?

Mall. —— It will be ſport to us, and to your ſelf a rare advantage, Siſter.

Lov. —— Though pleaſure be no pleaſure to this Boſome, ſince you propoſe the acquittance of that trouble, your deſire's granted.

Mall. —— But be ſpeedy then with your directions for her carriage in it. [*Ex. Lady* Lovely, Bab, *and Mr.* William.

Old Gentle. —— Did you ever ſee ſuch a ſelf-will'd Thing as this is? a Widow this two months, and yet not hear of a Suitor.

Enter Mr. William, Raſh, Pluſh, *and* Gregory.

Mr. *Will.* —— The Gentlemen, an't pleaſe you.

Greg. —— Yes indeed, an't pleaſe you.

Old Gentle. —— Mr. *Raſh*!

Raſh. —— Your Servant, Gentlewoman.

Mall. —— Mr. *Pluſh*!

Pluſh. —— My name is *Pluſh*. Maſter my Title, and Sir a Title that may be.

Greg. —— And my name is *Gregory*.

Pluſh. —— *Fop* — the ſound is out of ſeaſon— but where's the Lady?

Raſh. —— I, where's the Lady?

Greg. —— We would ſee the Lady.

Pluſh. —— I hope ſhe has done Mourning now, has ſhe not?

Greg. —— Why, does the Lady Mourn?

Mr. *Will.* —— Indeed ſhe does.

Greg. —— 'Tis a delicate thing to Mourn.— Well, an my Father would but die once! —— would we could ſee this Lady.

Enter Bab, *like Lady* Lovely *vailed.*

Old Gentle. —— You have your wiſh already.

Raſh. —— Beauteous Lady.

Pluſh.

Plush. —— Most beautious Lady.

Greg. —— Most beautiful Lady that may be: for yet I see no such matter.

Plush. —— Thy Eyes are veil'd with Ignorance, or else, through this thin veil, thou might'st as we, —— behold matter of admiration! —— you'l vouchsafe; —— not yet.

Bab. —— Alas! —— upon their captive Heart, my sorrows yet have set too strong a Guard for such delights to enter.

Plush. —— I could wish, that Conqueror of thy Heart and all his Guard were visible, that I might challenge them.

Mr. *Will.* —— I marry Sir, that were a challenge indeed.

Plush. —— Methinks I could—do——

Mall. —— What do you think you could do Sir?

Plush. —— O —— my most delicate Lady!

Mr. *Will.* —— Do his most delicate Lady; a terrible Do indeed.

Old Gentlew. —— Well Lady; if this be the man shall have you, you shall have a Man I can tell you.

Greg. —— If I be the Man that shall have her, she shall have a Man I can tell you.

Old Gentlew. —— But he's a fighting man.

Greg. —— A fighting man? Let him play at the Ancient Weapon, an he were a Fencing Man, I'le have about with him.

Mall. —— The Ancient Weapon! —— what Weapon's that?

Greg. —— Why this. [*Show his hand.*

Mr. *Will.* As Wise as Valiant; 'tis the Ancient Weapon indeed Sir.

Mall. —— And why not this? — [*Showes his Sword.*

Greg. —— I am better acquainted with this.

Plush. —— Well, we shall meet?

Greg. —— And meet again: tell me of fighting —— Lady!

Old Gentlew. I see you are valiant Sir; —— and you are happy in having so much Valour as you see attend your Beauty. [*To Bab.*

Bab. —— I must confess them Worthy Gentlemen; but they must pardon me; the Worth that I have lost in my dead Husband, is so full and fresh upon my understanding: —— that all else have but homely entertainment —— and yet you are welcome Gentlemen.

All three. —— For that we thank you.

Rash. —— We must hope still.

Greg. —— Well, and my Father would but die once! I live hope too Lady.

Mr. *Will.*

Mr. *Will.* You ſee their Valour Sir,--- and what's your Weapon?

Raſh. I am no man of the Sword —— I have no Weapon.

Old Gentlew. How Sir, no Weapon?

Mr. *Will.* --- What ſhould you do in *Cupid's* Fencing-School, and have no Weapon?

Raſh. — There was a Time I could have croſs'd a Cudgel; and if any man ſtrike me, I have a Weapon too.

Mr. *Wil.* --- The coldeſt Flint has fire I ſee: what Weapon?

Raſh. --- One that is indeed all Weapons, Long Sword, Sword and Dagger, Sword and Buckler, Single Rapier and Dagger, Halbert, Half-pike, Quarter-Staff, Short Sword and Gauntlet, and that terrible Fly-flap the Fauchion.

Mr. *Wil.* --- All theſe in one?

Raſh. --- Or one that's worth all theſe, and that in a word is the Law.

Mr. *Wil.* --- A terrible Weapon indeed.

Raſh. --- There, let me firk um, and jerk 'em; there, let me ſtand upon tearms; there, let me play the Maſter, and Mr. Attorney my Uſher, and then with all the Weapons in that School have at 'em.

Enter Sir Robert *and Sir* Oliver.

Mr. *Wil.* --- This goes beyond your Rapier, or that Ancient Weapon the Fiſt.

Mall. --- We are betray'd: my Husband and Sir *Oliver.*

Bab. --- What's to be done?

Mall. --- Play the Lady a little longer, and handſomly *Bab*, and I'le promiſe thee a new Gown.

Sir *Rob.* --- Come, come, we will ſpeak, and ſpeed too, my Knight of a Thouſand *per Annum.* Where's this Mourning Lady? What, my *Madona* and my Lady *Littleworth*! hoyday! this Covy of Coxcombs too!

Raſh. --- Sir *Robert.*

Sir *Rob.* --- One.

Raſh. --- Kind Sir *Robert.*

Sir *Rob.* --- Two.

Greg. --- Worthy Sir *Robert.*

Sir *Rob.* --- Three: yet never a wiſe word amongſt them. What ſtill dumb Lady? An ye were as heavy as Lead, 'twas but a light

trick of you to deny acceſs to ſuch a man as this is, and allow it to ſuch Minnicks as theſe are, s'death I could kick 'em out o'th' Room, and be angry with you, though you are my Wives Siſter, for lodging ſuch baſeneſs within you.

Old Gentlew. --- Why, you are not out of your Wits, are you?

Sir *Rob.* You have no Wit to be out of, Gentlemen: you are all Hobby-horſes, an it pleaſe you to leave the houſe now, and come again --- when you are ſent for --- you ſhall be --- heartily glad to be welcome?

Mall. --- You ſee his humour, Gentlemen, pray leave us.

Greg. --- Why? but I hope ——

Mall. --- Not one word more an ye love me.

Greg. --- Nay, then --- I would I were but gone once.

Exeunt manent Sir Rob. *Sir* Oliv. Lady, Mall. Bab. *and Mr.* William.

Sir *Rob.* --- Come, take my Counſel and forget him.

Bab. --- Never.

Sir *Oliv.* --- Still looking downwards to your Husbands Grave?

Bab. --- To thoſe that wear ſo ſad a Suit as this, the Grave's the Glaſs they uſe to deck um by. Pray give me leave.

Sir *Rob.* --- Prethee look up a little; --- I can ſhew thee a Glaſs, that ſhall reflect no ſuch affrighted ſhadows.

Bab. --- Oh! Oh! Oh! ——

Mr. *Wil.* Excellent Mourning Lady.

Sir *Rob.* --- The Nuptial Knot binds Loving Paires together, only for term of Life, has no extent o're the Divorce of Death.

Bab. --- Pray, pray, no more.

Sir *Oliv.* --- That only binds the Living to the Living, and not the Living to the Dead.

Sir *Rob.* --- That fleſh that hath Soul within it; the endowments and excellencies, bounteous Heav'n beſtowes to that, has nothing but the frightful ſhape, and the cold Figure of a Man.

Sir *Oliv.* --- Yet this; whil'ſt you doat upon your Husbands duſt, you do (ſweet Lady) doat upon your Torment.

Bab. --- You have my Reſolution, ſo pray leave me.

Sir *Oliv.* --- And you be buried in your Husbands Grave: I ſee my Suit muſt dye too.

Sir *Rob.* --- Yes, and let it, let it for ever dye to her, and live to one deſerves it better. Come, I'le bring thee, though ſhe be my Wives Siſter, to one that's younger, fairer, richer, and it may be --- honeſter too.

Mall.

Mall.---How, Sir *Robert*, Honeſter!

Sir *Rob.*--- Yes, honeſter; an ſhe proſtrate her ſelf to a Set of Moris-Dancers--- and neglect ſuch a *Cæſar* as this is! Come Sir *Oliver*, let's away.

Mall. Nay, but hearк you, hearк you Sir *Robert*, and worthy Sir *Oliver*, that you may ſee this Lady, is not the Woman that you take her for; look, do you know this Lady? [Bab *diſcovers her ſelf.*

Sir. *Rob.* --- How, *Bab*?

Sir *Oliv.*--- My Ladies Chambermaid!

Mr. *Wil.*--- A trick of mirth they put upon the Coxcombs.

Sir *Rob.*--- Were you my Lady?

Bab.--- So your Lady would have it, Sir *Robert.*

Sir *Rob.* My Lady *Bab*--- how like you this Sir *Oliver?*

Sir *Oliv.*--- This Change has put ſome life into me Sir; and I muſt tell you, better'd my opinion both of the Ladies Wiſdom, and her Goodneſs.

Sir *Rob.* --- But hearк you Wife, may we not ſee my Siſter?

Mall.---Faith, yet her temper is not as we'd have it; but we ſhall win her by degrees, and turn her melancholy to a ſprightly humour.

Sir *Oliv.* ---Then I'le not doubt my happineſs.

Sir *Rob.* Come, Sir *Oliver*, mean time we'l ſee what mirth my Houſe can yield to entertain you with, --- A ha! my Girl! Why, ſuch a Wench is worth her weight in Pearl!

[*Exeunt manent* Bab *and Mr.* Will.

Mr. *Wil.*--- Well, thou haſt play'd my Lady like a Lady:
I have a trick from this Conceit to do,
Shall make us ſport, and help thy ſwelling too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. II.

Enter Old Thraſhard *and* Margaret *dreſt Genteelly.*

Marg. SIR, I have ſpoke my danger.

Thr. A dangerous caſe, believe me; and yet methinks there's no great danger neither: for, ſay a man offer to blow thee up

with Love-powder; if his Train lie ſo open, you may ſee it: you have the Wit, I hope, to ſhun it,----h'an't you.

Marg.---I have done hitherto.

Thr.--- And do'ſt thou fear thou can'ſt hold out no longer?

Marg. ---Sir, I do not.

Thr.---That's well, but to the point: what is he? do I know him?

Marg.---Yes, if you know Sir *Robert Malory* your Landlord, Father.

Thr.---Sir *Robert*! He aim againſt thy Chaſtity? has he beſtow'd upon thy Infancy that care and coſt that he has done; maintain'd thee 'mongſt his own, and for this? is this the beſt you can afford him?

Marg. --- No --- Father, for theſe ſhould I forget to pay, the moſt obſequious Duties I can tender, 'twere juſt in Heav'n I ſhould forget my ſelf.

Thr.---Had this been ſpoke of any other man, I might have lent an ear to't: --- but, Sir *Robert!* Noble Sir *Robert!* --- that brave man, Sir *Robert!* our bounteous Benefactor! Say he has ſcatter'd ſome words i'th' way of merriment, ſome pleſant, idle--- wanton--- what d'ye call it? ſprinkled a little Bawdry in his ſpeech? as Courtiers may, elſe they are no men of Faſhion. That cuts not off a Maidenhead ---Nay, perchance the Merriment that you interpret Luſt, was his meer love to Vertue.

Mar.---Vertue!

Thr. ---Yes:--- 'tis my Conceit, that all his Talk, his Letters, and all the Gifts he ſent you, were employ'd i'th' way of Tryal, not to make thee naught; but ſo to ſound thy goodneſs.

Mar.---Think you ſo? I'le think ſo too then Father.

Enter Gillian.

Gill.—This is fine, you have the golden time on't.

Thr.—What golden time? you'l ſtill be ſcolding.

Gill.—Scolding! Marry come up Mrs. *Jinny-finny*; we can't ſpeak to you now, but 'tis ſcolding; well, I ſay little.

Thr.—Nothing at all were better.

Gill.—But I'le ſay ſomething; has a Woman a Tongue to ſay nothing?

Marg.—Prethee be patient Siſter.

Gill.

Gill. --- Yes I waun't you, I muſt Waſh, Scowre, Brew and Bake, and do this thing, and do that thing, and do every thing, while ſuch a Beautiful Blouſe as you are, muſt ſit ſtill and do nothing.

Thr. --- Why, do'ſt thou not ſee her at work?

Gil. --- At work! a great piece of work adeed Law! Prick, Prick, Prick, as if ſhe had nothing in the World to mind, but Prick, Prick, Prick; but 'tis no matter, 'tis but my hard Fortune; I am a Fool indeed, and ſo you make me. [*Weeps.*

Thr. --- What, what, a Show'r after this Peale of Thunder? Nay, do not cry good *Gillian.*

Enter Abram.

Abr. --- Oh! Father, Father!

Thr. --- Now Boy, what News with you now?

Abr. --- Brave News Father; News of the brave Sir *Robert.*

Marg. --- Purſue me ſtill --- Good Father give me leave while he is come in and gone again.

Thr. --- What leave?

Marg. --- To abſent my ſelf, but in ſome Neighbours houſe: I have a trick to paſs him --- You may tell him I'm gone to *London.*

Abr. --- When I have told him already you'r here in the Parlor a ſewing.

Thr. --- Come, you'r a Baggage, a fooliſh Baggage to injure with ſuch frivolous ſuſpitions, a Gentleman of his repute and goodneſs: come, let me hear no more on't.

Abr. --- Sirſter *Gillian,* I have the rareſt News for you.

Gil. --- For me, 'tis well: and what News have you got for me Sir?

Abr. --- Skipping News, lepping News, tripping News.

Gil. How! Dancing Brother *Abram?* Dancing!

Abra. Dancing, Prancing, Advancing; Nay, 'tis a Match: a Match upon a Wager.

Gil. A Match! who be they?

Abr. Why, all the Maids of our Town *Edmonton,* and all the mad Wenches of *Waltam.*

Gil. A Match, and leave me out! When, when is't Brother?

Abr. Marry, e'en this Morniug, they are now going to't helter skelter. [*Muſick within.*

Gil. And leave me out! Where Brother, where?

Abr.

Abr. Why, there Sister *Gillian*, there, at our own door almost; close by the May-pole; on the Green there: heark, you may hear them hither. [*Musick again.*

Gillian Sings.

SHALL the Lasses and Lads, to be merry all Day,
To Frolick and Kiss, to be bucksome and Gay,
Meet all on the Green
To chuse out a Queen;
And leave out the bliss of their mortal Estate;
The Lass that's all Airie, and longs for the Fate,
That Fate which is common to those who can tell
The Blessings of Youth, that in Pleasure excel.

And I be not One! *Ex. Singing and Dancing.*

Abr. Thou't never be Two, I think; for on my Conscience there is no man that knows her has valoir enough to come near her.

Thr. Why, well said Girl, keep but that resolution

Enter Sir *Robert.*

And let his purposes be what they can, they cannot hurt thee. Look, he's come already.

Sir *Rob.* Good morrow Tenant: Good morrow Beautiful Tenant.

Thr. As much to my Worthy Landlord.

Abr. As much to my Worthy Landlord.

Sir *Rob.* My Tenant *Abram* —— God-a-mercy good Tenant *Abram.* I want your welcome Fair One.

Marg. Sir, you are welcome.

Sir *Rob.* Had this been spoke with Smiles upon thy Cheek, I durst have sworn the Syllables had been the language of thy Heart. What, still so adverse to my Pleasure? Tenant, and my young Tenant, shall I crave the Room? I have something to deliver from my Lady, that she would have a Secret to the Ear of ev'ry one but *Margaret.*

Thr. The Room? our poverty possesses nothing Sir, but what is yours; you may command it. Come——

Abr. I smell my Landlord: but— no more words but mum.

[*Ex.* Thr. *and* Abram.

Sir

Sir *Rob.* Still, ſtill this cloud upon thy brow, ſweet *Peg*, you know my mind.

Marg. And you know mine Sir *Robert*.

Sir *Rob.* I mean, I love you.

Marg. Not half ſo well as I love you.

Sir *Rob.* Love me! then there's ſome hope again. [*Aſide.* Let's ſee how willingly you'l yield to my Embraces. How! fly 'em *Peg*? ſuch a thing deny'd, how canſt thou ſay thou loveſt me?

Mar. Yes, Sir: I love you in your Name, your Reputation, the Dignity you carry in your years, —— in your Lady. I love you Sir, i'th' fair Benevolence you owe her Vertues. In a word, Sir *Robert*, I love you in that Purity, that ſhall when Death threatens, make you look boldly on him. Thus I love you.

Sir *Rob.* This is not that I look'd for; do you remember your Father is my Tenant?

Marg. Sir he is.

Sir *Rob.* Nay, ſince you urge it, let me tell you Minion, he's not my Tenant neither, but my Beadſman.

Marg. And like an humble Beadſman in his Prayers remembers all your Charity.

Sir *Rob.* He does, but you forget it Fair One.

Mar. Then let Hea'vn when we Petition the reward it merits forget me too.

Sir *Rob.* Is't not forgetfulneſs, when all the Love the tender cares and coſt, that from thy Infancy, to this ripe Growth, I have beſtow'd upon you, cannot gain me ſuch a requeſt as this.

Marg. This! Alas! your greateſt gain's in loſing: Nay, I'le tell you, the Love, the Care, that Coſt, that Noble Breeding, which ſeems to you a winning Argument, is my beſt Argument againſt you.

Sir *Rob.* How?

Mar. Why, Sir, the Education, that fair Breeding you have beſtow'd upon my Poverty, has made me what I am, and plentifully furniſhed my Soul with all that beſt adorns her, that whatſoever is in oppoſition to it, is ——

Sir *Rob.* What?

Marg. Your Luſt, Sir *Robert*: I am bold, but yet can kneel to beg your mercy for it. [*Kneels.*

Sir *Rob.* What? ſhe imagines Water to my Flame, is Oyl t'increaſe it. The more ſhe puts me off, the more ſhe pulls me to her. Come,

Come, come rise; though you be so unkind, I can forgive you: I must not look at first to have so great a happiness, as that we aim at, but must use degrees, and then——

Mar. What then?

Sir *Rob.* For this time *Peg*, I'le leave thee: What? leave thee, and leave thee nothing? that were foul play indeed: there; nay, take it: indeed you shall.

Marg. Indeed I will not Sir; for any service I can do you, your Favour's price sufficient. No, not yet? I ha't. How I forget my Duty? Here so long, and ne're a Chair to ease you? *Abram*, Brother; pray pardon me, Sir *Robert*.

Sir *Rob.* How, a Chair? kinder and kinder still:
Nothings like Gifts to gain a Womans will. [*Aside.*

Enter Abram.

Marg. Come, come, a Chair there for Sir *Robert*.

Abr. She pities your long standing Sir; but I have a Chair almost at my Fingers end. [*Reaches a Chair.*
Look you Sir, will it please you Bum this Cushion.

Sir *Rob.* How, Bum it Tenant?

Abr. Yes: Bum it Landlord——look you Sir, o' this fashion.

Marg. Come, you'l be foolish. [*Abram sits down.*
You know my mind, bring 'em in. [*Whispers Abram.*

Abr. An I bring 'em not in, let Sir *Robert* kick me out.
[*Ex. Abram.*

Sir *Rob.* Come, sit down; nay, yet a little nearer; you need not be afraid to sit by me.

Marg. I am not Sir, as long as you are virtuous.

Sir *Rob.* I'le be as virtuous as an Alderman, and abhor all——
How now? what's that? *Musick within.*

Marg. Musick, Sir *Robert*.

Sir *Rob.* Rot on their Fiddle and their Fiddle-strings, thou art my Musick.

Enter

Enter a Morris : *after the* Morris *this Song is ſung.*

SONG.

CHarming Beauty, you alone
Deſerve the Glories of a Throne;
Such a Queen we Swains admire,
And each Breaſt is fill'd with Fire,
And yet vain is our deſire.
Cho. *Though to Love and fond Joyes we our thoughts do preſer,*
Yet none can be worthy, not worthy of her.

II.

Thou Queen of our Joyes, and thou Goddeſs of Bliſs,
Though the Charmes are too great to be mention'd in this,
Let a ſmile, ſince you'r made the bright Lady of May,
Inſtead of a frown all our Services pay;
For ſince Frown's a Fate, no ſeverer can be,
Your Smiles can rejoyce us and ſet us all free.
Cho. *Free, we are free from all trouble and Strife,*
And this day is the beſt, and the happieſt of Life.

[Dance again.

Gil. You ſee we ſweat to make your Worſhip merry; how do you like our paſtime?

Sir. *Rob.* I like it ſo well, I could wiſh you were further off with it.

Maids. Have we this for our kindneſs, Sir *Robert*?

Gil. Marry come up, Sir *Robert.*

Marg. Shall I intreat you leave the Room.

Gil. The Room?

Abr. So ſhe ſaid, but I know ſhe means no ſuch matter, only a trick; tell her you wonnot go.

Marg. Pray leave the Room.

Gil. We wonnot.

Marg. Wonnot?

Gil. No: We were ſent for in, and we will not go out again yet. Out? Marry gip there, ne're a good Inch of a thouſand. Fidlers ſtrike, I'le ſtrike you elſe; and cut your begging Bow-ſtrings.

Sir *Rob.* I muſt be gone, I ſee; theſe miſerable impudent Stallions will over-run me elſe. Farewell, nothing grieves me but—

Marg. But what Sir?

Sir *Rob.* We cannot — kiſs at parting— Farewel. [*Ex.* Sir *Rob.*

Gil. Come, we'l have the t'other bout, and then——

Marg. Nay, we'l have no more at this time, here's enough.

Gil. For you, but not enough for me; you ſhall command me, ſhall you?

Marg. Nay, be not angry Siſter, 'tis no Command, but my Intreat——Good Siſter.

Gil. Well, ſince you intreat me, and ſeem to know your betters, you ſhall have your will for once. Fidlers lead the way, and Wenches follow your Leader. {*Ex. Fidlers playing,* Gillian *and the Morris-dancers following dancing.*

Alr. Leader! if ſcolding were fighting, what a Leader would'ſt thou be? you'd bring 'em on with a Powder.

Enter Old Thraſhard.

O! Father, Father!

Thr. Ne're a wiſe word for a Wager: Sir *Robert*'s gone I ſee.

Marg. Yes, Sir, he is.

Thr. And how do'ſt find him? I do not think the man, that your ſuſpicion ſeem'd to make him.

Marg. You have a good Opinion of him Father, and I'le not ſtand to croſs it.

Thr. Come, you'r a peeviſh Thing, and I'm afraid have been diſtaſteful to him.

Conſider all is his, we muſt be wiſe,
Since by his frowns we fall, and favours riſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Oliver, Bellingham, *and the Lady* Lovely.

Sir *Oliv.* Madam, can the Heart thus feed (like Vultures) on it ſelf, and bear the torment? for ſuch is Grief, ſweet Lady.

Lov. Sir, as I am, pray leave me.

Sir *Oliv.* Leave you to be out Rivall'd by the Dead!

Lov. To me he lives, and ev'ry hour appears ſo really my own, as all th' Embraces of a Second Match would ſtick upon me like the Leperous Stains of Luſt and baſe Adultery, and by this pray underſtand the vainneſs of your ſuit, and ſo conclude it.

Sir *Oliv.* No more: I have my Anſwer, and am Married.

Lov. Married!

Sir

Sir *Oliv.* As you are Madam, to my Self alone, no other earthly Creature; yet my Love Petitions, that if e're hereafter, (since now you are so firm) you find an alteration in your Soul, to fancy Wedlock, that I, I your Servant may, for that second Happiness to Heav'n, stand fair'st in your Election.

Lov. That satisfaction take, if e're I marry, it shall be you, that is my Resolution.

Sir *Oliv.* I am extasi'd beyond the Joyes of Heav'n. If e're I know the Sweets of *Hymen*, I must find 'em here. So, we are married now, and in this Joy I leave you.

As he is going Enter Sir Robert Mallory, *Lady* Mallory *and Old Gentlewoman.*

Sir *Rob.* Here's a Rub in your way a while, my brave Knight of a Thousand *per Annum*; and how do'st find her, is she coming? Ha.

Sir *Oliv.* You see my Hopes set Smiles upon my Cheeks; let them resolve you Sir.

Sir *Robert.* I understand you: but when's the Day?

Sir *Oliv.* Nay, question that no further, we shall talk on't.

Old Gentlew. I, I, when a thing's done, tis done.

Sir *Rob.* You'd feign be Doing too then?

Old Gentlew. Would I not? do you think I am all dead flesh? ——I warrant you.

Enter Mr. William.

Sir *Rob.* Now Mr. *William*, what good tidings now Sir?

Mr. *Will.* My News is, worthy Sir, that *Mullinex* the stout Sea Captain is return'd, and yesterday was seen on the Change.

Sir *Rob. George Mullinex*?

Mr. *Will.* The same Sir.

Sir. *Oliv.* How is't——ha——you lose Colour Madam?

Old Gentlew. Lady.

Mall. Sister.

Sir *Oliv.* Beshrew the Name, and Owner of the Name, which has disturbed you——What's that Name to you?

Lov. Sir, nothing but my Trouble.

Sir *Rob.* A troublesome Captain indeed Sir: a Suitor to her once, and Rival to her Husband Sir *James Lovely*; but miss'd the

mark he aimd at; he ſhot fair, but *Lovely* fairer; upon which he went to Sea; where he has been three Years, but's now return'd: and hearing (as it ſeems) that ſhe's a Widow, he'd renew his Suit, give her a Broad-ſide, Sir, and Board her; nay, let me tell you, you have a hot Rival, one that will Quarrel, Fight, and by my Faith—— I am half afraid of Danger.

Sir *Oliv.* If he be not all Valour and no Judgement, I fear none: but what ſo e're he be, I'le be but what becomes me.

Mall. It may be ſome new Beauty has him now; ſome Foraign Miſtreſs.

Sir *Rob.* Or it may be Siſter, this time of Service in the Wars, has made him only in Love with Fighting.

Enter Raſh, Pluſh, *and* Gregory.

Lov. More Vexation.

Sir *Rob.* This Mountain brings forth a Mouſe! have we talk't all this while of a Captain, and now muſt be troubled with Coxcombs?

Pluſh. The Gods protect you Lady.

Old Gentlew. Thank you Sir.

Pluſh. I ſpoke to that ſweet Beauty.

Old Gentlew. But I muſt ſpeak to you Sir, for you ſee ſhe has other employment. Pray ſtand aſide a little.

Pluſh. If I muſt, I ſhall attend her leaſure.

Old Gentlew. You muſt attend her too Sir: do you not ſee ſhe's buſie.

Raſh. I would not interrupt her.

Greg. I would not interrupt her! Is that the reſolution of a Lover? let me come to her.

Sir *Oliv.* But you ſhall not Sir.

Greg. Nay, if I ſhall not Sir, I will not Sir.

Sir *Rob.* Is that the Reſolution of a Lover?

Greg. A man can do no more than he can do: but an my Father would but die once——

Enter Captain Mullinex *Ruſhing in.*

Capt. Make nice to me of entrance! where's the Widow? for ſo I hear ſhe is now. What, mourning ſtill? I am a bold Gameſter:

ſter: Save you all at once; all Suitors Gentlemen?

Raſh. Yes indeed, Sir, we are all Suitors.

Sir *Rob.* Y'are a little to Raſh in that, for I am none.

Greg. Nor I neither: would I were at home.

Capt. What are you Sir?

Raſh. Sir, I am a Citizen, and a Mercer.

Capt. I know you by this Wheele, [*Turns him round.* You have a great many Bags, and a great many Buildings too Sir; but dare you for all that, preſume in the way of Matrimony, to look ſo high as a Lady?

Raſh. He that can purchaſe a Lordiſhip.

Capt. Thinks he may purchaſe a Ladiſhip:——You my Rival! Can you fight Sir?

Raſh. It may be I, it may be no, Sir.

Capt. Then I'le try whether you can or no Sir. [*Kicks him.* Not a word as you love your Coxcomb. [*Puſhes him out.* Are you a Suitor too Sir? [*To Pluſh.*

Pluſh. Too Sir.

Cap. Y'are an Aſs, Sir,——can you fight?

Pluſh. Fight? in a Ladies Chamber?

Capt. Why? where would you fight Sir?

Pluſh. Why, the truth on't is——I would fight——no where.

Capt. I thought as much, and therefore I will kick you—good Mr. Outſide of a Gentleman follow your valiant Leader. [*Kicks him out.*

Old Gentlew. You will not kill him, will you?

Capt. Have you ſo much Tongue, and ne're a good Tooth, Madam Fumble?

Old Gentlew. Fumble, Fumble,——y'are a moſt——

Capt. Peace, an you love your old Carcaſe—peace.

Lov. You bind me to a Patience. [*To Sir* Oliver.

Capt. One Poſt ſupport another? What are you Sir?

Greg. Why——I——am——a——Gentleman.

Capt. Will your Arms bear you out in the Title?

Greg. My Legs ſhall bear me out, Sir.

Cap. Then you will not be beat out as they were?

Greg. I ſhould be very loath to be beaten.

Capt. In troth I think you would Sir.

Greg. Do I look like one that would be beaten?

Capt. If you ſtay you muſt.

Greg.

Greg. Why, therefore I mean to be gone Sir. But if my Father would but die once. [*Exit.*

Lov. You ſee his rudeneſs, and to prevent the danger it threatens, pray leave me.

Sir *Oliv.* I will not add to his too prodigal heat, nor be cold to fear it.

Lov. 'Tis my Love.

Sir *Oliv.* And mine to tarry, not offending you, with humble contradiction.

Capt. Are theſe your Suitors Madam?

Mal. A little in Jeſt, but you have paid them in earneſt.

Old Gentlew. I did but ſpeak in the way of Compaſſion, and your Lordſhip call'd me — Madam Fumble, Fumble, did I ever fumble with you Sir?

Capt. Be wiſe in being Silent; I hear you have loſt a husband: How is't Widow?

Old Gentlew. You'l quarrel with her too, will ye?

Capt. You are ſo nice: I cannot Complement, kiſs your white Hand and fleer upon you. I can kiſs your Lip, hug you, and tell you I muſt lye with you.

Lov. There may be thoſe of your Acquaintance, to whom this Language would be pleaſing; but to let you know how ill't appears to me, I'le change my Room Sir.

Capt. But you ſhall not.

Sir *Oliv.* You lay too rude a Violence upon the tenderneſs of Ladies.

Capt. Do I ſo Sir? I thank your kind remembrance. You the man? this Ladies only man Sir?

Sir *Oliv.* My deſire is you would not be uncivil.

Capt. Whatſoe're my Will produces, I can juſtifie.

Sir *Oliv.* That power maintains offence, is weakneſs Sir, and has no taſte of Breeding, or of Manhood.

Capt. I'le make you taſte of ſomething. [*Offers to draw.*

Sir *Rob.* But you ſhall not. Have we no Servants near us.

Lov. Save him; help.

Enter Mr. William *and* Cut. *They interpoſe between 'em.*

Old Gentlew. O! y'are wicked *Captain.*

Cut. What? Naked Weapons in Ladies Chamber?

Sir

Sir *Rob.* Take her in, poor Lady, how ſhe's frighted!

[*Exit Lady* Lovely.

Enter Hugh.

Hugh. My Noble Knight and Maſter!

Sir *Oliv.* We have done Sir.

Hugh. And you have done, there's nothing to do; if nothing to do, the leſs to take care for; the leſs to take care for, the ſounder we ſleep; and aſleep we think no body hurt Sir. And ſo having done, I have done. [*Ex.* Hugh *and* Cut.

Capt. You have the advantage of me.

Sir *Oliv.* I muſt tell you, this rudeneſs better would become the Field, than ſuch a Place as this.

Capt. That you may know, I know as much as you inſtruct me: to, meet me to morrow.

Sir *Oliv.* I will not.

Capt. As good have ſaid you dare not. The Apology is pretty, all Cowards uſe it.

Sir *Oliv.* How, Cowards?

Capt. Cowards.

Sir *Oliv.* His Lunacy has ſhot its ſelf into my Bloud. A Coward! proclaime me what you call me, if I be.

Capt. You'l meet me then?

Sir *Oliv.* I will.

Capt. Where? Thou or I.

Sir *Rob.* O—— Nay, if you break ſo violently out, I ſhall ſuſpect 'tis to prevent our Meeting; for Manhood covers ſuch Intents as theſe under a friendly ſeeming——thus——

[*They Embrace each other.*

Sir *Rob.* I marry, Gentlemen, I like this well.

Mall. Believe me, I was jealous of worſe Matters.

Sir *Rob.* And I, ne're truſt me elſe.

Capt. You know the Place and Time, Sir.

Sir *Oliv.* You ſhall find, I'le forget neither.

Enter Cut, *and whiſpers Lady* Mallory.

Capt. So—— now Beautious Widow:—— is ſhe gone? I have no Courtſhip to purſue her with, nor will I offer it: but let me tell you, he that beſt hopes her favour, if he have it, muſt bid fairer

fairer for it than this Sword: and ſo I'le leave you. [*Ex. Capt.*

Sir *Rob.* How is it Sir? your eyes ſpeak trouble ſtill?

Sir *Oliv.* Sir, if they do, 'tis only what they have from your Siſters Trouble. I muſt leave you till better hours invite me to return.

Sir *Rob.* Nay, Sir *Oliver*, our wayes lye both together; therefore pray permit me, Sir, to wait upon you.

[*Ex. Sir* Robert *and Sir* Oliver.

Mall. Is't poſſible? be ſure you raiſe not this ſuſpicion from your own Fancy; look the ground be good, the matter's weighty.

Cut. I tell you but the Voice in *Edmonton*, which is, that he daily Viſits this *Country Innocence*; whether he has enjoy'd her yet or no, I am not certain; but 'tis ſo reported.

Mall. I will not be too eaſie to believe, nor yet too confident, I know there's Fire in ſuch a Wenches Eye, and Old dry Wood will ſoon be kindled; which if he be,
I'le find a way to quench him, quench both Fires,
And ſatisfie at once their looſe deſires.

Exeunt.

ACT

Act the Third.

Enter Threſhard *with a Letter*, Margaret, Gillian, *and* Abraham.

Thr. Sir *Robert*'s Hand, art ſure on't?

Mar. I am too ſure.

Thr. And ſent to thee laſt night?

Gill. I by this Day was it, Father. I know it to be his Hand; what do you think of this now?

Thr. I know not what to think.

Mar. You ſee the picture of a Luſtful Heart drawn to the life.

Thr. I believe thee: yet Old Sir *Robert*.

Enter Lady Mal. *diſguis'd.*

Gill. Yes, even Old Sir *Robert*: who have we here, a Begger?

Abr. An ſhe deſire any thing here, I ſhall deſire her to be gone with a vengeance: who would you ſpeak withall? ------ Hum------hum------ha woman.

Mal. A poor old woman; be not offended, Sir.

Abr. And what would'ſt thou have, poor old woman?

Mal. My buſineſs is to you.

Mar. To me, what is't?

Gill. I, I, what is't?

Mal. Though I may ſpeak it; ſince you fall into cauſleſs ſuſpicions of me, either hear me as I am willing to preſent it to you, or as I am I'll leave you.

Mar. Nay pray ſtay------Good Father, leave us.

Thr. Take your own courſe; ----nay----nay, come you'd fain be ſcolding: on or I'll ſet you forward.

Exit Thraſhard, Gillian, *and* Abraham.

Mar. Now to this private buſineſs; what is't?

Mal. Love, and I aſſure you one worth entertaining from

ſuch a matchleſs Beauty, here is the witneſs of it; [*Shews a* 'tis a fair one. [*Cabinet.*

Mar. If no foul end attend it.

Mal. 'Tis a fair offer for that ſhort delight the Gentleman would purchaſe.

Mar. You have not nam'd the man.

Mal. It is Sir *Robert.*

Mar. Sir *Robert Malory?*

Mal. The ſame. I might renew your memory by relating his bounties to your father; and by thoſe you cannot chuſe but gueſs he loves you, Fair one. Witneſs this, this noble Prize; nay look upon it, 'tis a fair one, Lady.

Mar. Yet much too poor to bribe an Angel to impurity. Go bear 'em back again, and tell thy Maſter the luſtful Knight that ſent 'em, Where we rate our Chaſtity above our Life, we will not ſell it for ſuch Toys as theſe are.

Mal. How! ſuch Toys------I dare be bold to tell you, in this act you do not onely loſe this Golden Offer, but Happineſs for ever.

Mar. Yet more vexation. I will not call thee Woman, for a Woman would never labour thus t'infect the Name with ſuch a ſin as this is. Father, Siſter, for Heavens ſake help me. Father, Brother, Siſter.

Enter Thraſhard, Abraham, *and* Gillian.

Thr. How now, Girl? why, what's the matter? ha?

Mar. Examine her. But ſhe perchance may tell you what ſhe does is her duty, and that to make our poor and barren Fortunes freghtful with a Golden Showre.

All. A Golden Showre.

Abr. O rare! an thou canſt do that, Old Woman, long mayſt thou rain I beſeech thee.

Mar. Father, you may believe me, for ſhe is.

Thr. What?

Mar. A Bawd.

Thr. A Bawd?

Mar. Nay, though the Brow of ſuch a one be Braſs, ſhe dares not contadict it: ſhe's no leſs, and her imployment from Sir *Robert*

Thr.

Thr. How? come come take heed.

Gill. What ſhould ſhe take heed of? An ſhe be a Bawd ſhe is a Bawd.

Abr. That's certain, were her Bawdſhip imployed amongſt Ladies.------But ſhe ſhall ride in Triumph: now Tobacco and *Aqua vitæ* burn thee.

Gill. Now the ſtinking ſweat upon thee and thy painted Journy-women.

Abr. How many Noſes do you think have been loſt in your Bawdſhips ſervice?

Gill. How many Coaches have you bawdifi'd?

Abr. How long have you run on in this ſin? How often have the Coachmen and Horſes been whipp'd for your pleaſure?

Thr. Was this Sir *Robert*'s bounty? Baſe, baſe woman; but we'll reward your labour.

Gill. You loſe a Daughter of me elſe.

Abr. And an *Abram* of me I can tell you.

Thr. I'll go get an Officer, *Abram* provide a Cart.

Gill. And let me alone for a Baſon.

[*Ex.* Thr. Gill. *and* Abr.

Mal. Has Love and Bounty this reward?

Mar. Yes, and the beſt it merits: Away, thou art a Devildreſt in ſhape of Woman.

Mal. And thou an Angel. Now I have found thy goodneſs.

[*Diſcovers her ſelf.*

Know me better.

Mar. My ever worthy Lady.

Mal. Come, no more: thou ſeeſt the purpoſe of this poor Diſguiſe, therefore fear nothing here. Nay, you muſt take it, ſince that which ſeem'd to be the hire of Luſt ſhall now be the reward of Vertue: but you muſt imploy't as I direct you.

Mar. Do but direct, and if I fail in any thing injoyn'd, let your diſpleaſure puniſh me ſeverely.

Mal. This is all; againſt my Husbands coming (for I'm ſure he will not long be from thee;) with this and more that I'll ſupply thee with, trim up this homely Cottage and your ſelf; it is my pleaſure.

Mar. 'T muſt then be mine to ſerve it.

Enter Thr. Gill. Abr. *Constable and Watch.*

Thr. I have told you what she is, Mr. Constable.

Gill. A Bawd.

Abr. All over------we'll not bate you an Ace, Mr. Constable; and therefore have a care you do Justice.

Const. I have been amongst Whores and Bawds too before now, and I think I have tickled them soundly.

Abr. I think so too: A Constable, what whore dares deny him entrance?

Const. For what belongs to this Staff let me alone. Come, where's this Bawd? where is she?

[*All go towards my Lady* Malory, *and seeing it is she they start.*

Thr. My worthy Lady.

Gill. My most worthy Lady.

Abr. Come, where's this Bawd here?

[*Seeing Lady* Mal. *starts.*

My most worthy Landlady.

Con. What have I to do with Ladies? 'Tis the Bawd that my Authority must cope withall.

Abr. Constable, you may make a Hobbyhorse of your Painted staff, and ride home again: Whip lye you there, and what say you to the Bason?

Gill. I say,'tis a base one,and the Barberly Knave that owns it, they say his Wife had a Tooth drawn above, while he was trimming below, let him keep it for her an he will, for we have nothing to do with it,

Mal. Time's earnest with me to be gone: farewel, you know my mind, perform it.

Mar. With such a zealous care as Saints the will of Heaven.
The virtuous secret here Inclos'd I'll show,
Since from pure fountains such pure Rivers flow.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Barb. *drest and Mr.* William.

Barb. Hey ho! good truth this little practice of my Lady has lull'd me into so sweet a fancy, that all this time I have been thus attyr'd I've thought my self a very Lady; I would I were a very------ Mr.

Mr. *Wil.* Maid again, wouldſt thou not *Barb?*

Barb. Well, and I be not I may thank you for it.

Mr. *Will.* What, thank me for't and cry? Come come, conceal't a little longer, and I'll warrant thee I'll find thee out a Father.

Enter Gregory.

Here's one of the Fops already. Withdraw.

[*Leads her off and Returns.*

Gre. Mr. *William*, hiſt, do you hear? I have the worſt luck at Women, but I'll to her

M. *Will.* What Mr. *Gregory?*

Gre. The very ſame, Sir—— your Lady's now gone in, may a man be ſo bold —— you underſtand me.

Mr. *Will.* Faith not yet, but there's hopes you may ſee her anon.

Gre. I had a glimpſe of her, I cannot tell, but if my Father would but dye once.

Mr. *Will.* I marry Mr. *Gregory*, his Paſſing Bell were Muſick.

Gre. The man that rung it ſhould not ſweat for nothing.

Enter Pluſh.

Plu. A happy day, Mr. *William*, and as much (though my Rival) to the ſweet Mr. *Gregory Dwindle.*

Gre. Thanks ſweet Mr. *Timothy Lyning*

Plu. How's that Sir? —— *Lyning?*

Mr. *Wil.* A conceit he has, witneſs your Worſhips Coat.

Plu. 'Tis lyn'd indeed, and may lyne a Ladies Pettycoat, when ſuch a ſimple *Gregory* as thou ſhall dwindle but to hear on't.

Gre. The dwindle in diſgrace? [*Draw.*

Plu. Tell me of *lyning.*?—— [*Draw.*

Mr. *Wil.* Why Gentlemen you come to ſee my Lady: which, if you kill one another, you'll hardly do, believe me.

Gre. You have ſaid right, Mr. *William*, and had it not been for that —— [*Puts up.*

I had, but it is no matter, ——

Plu. And ſo had I —— [*Puts up.*

but let that paſs -----

Gre.

Gre. Well, an my Father would but dye once.

Enter Raſh.

Raſh. Gentlemen all, Good day: may we not in to the Lady?

Mr. *Will.* In to the Lady — you are ſomewhat raſh indeed, Sir.

Raſh. Enter the houſe I mean, Sir.

Mr. *Will.* She is now going forth to her Brother Sir *Robert Malory*; what favour ſhe may beſtow as ſhe paſſes I know not. But be not to tedeous, I beſeech you. [*Exit* Mr. *Will.*

Raſh. Well, this melancholy Lady is a hard piece of matter to compaſs.

Plu. Some what ſtreight lac'd, Mr. *Raſh.*

Gre. An I could but come to unlace her, I ſhould make her forget her mourning.

Raſh. We all aim at one mark — which only one muſt hit. I hope well.

Plu. And I hope as well as you Sir.

Enter Bab. *and* Mr. Will. *as before.*

Mr. *Will.* Have a care, you know my directions.

[*All the men complement her together.*

But one at once I beſeech you.

[*Pluſh whiſpers with* Bab, *ſhe ſhakes her head.*

Mr. *Pluſh* has the ſtart of you, Gentlemen.

Raſh. We cannot help it, worthy Mr. *William.*

Gre. Hope well, and have well, the Motto of my Arms if ever I live to be Knighted, which if my Father would but dye once.

Mr. *Will.* You would be a Fool in Folio. [*Aſide.*

Gre. She ſhakes her head, what doth ſhe mean by that?

Mr. *Will.* To hear him talk ſo like a humorous Coxcomb.

[Pluſh *complements and leaves her.*

She has ſhook him off already.

Gre. I'll try my entertainment.

[Gre. *approches her after a great many of ridiculous complements.*

Raſh. I ſhall have my turn I hope anon.

Mr.

Mr. *Will.* 'Twere a very ill turn if you ſhould not, Sir.

[Bab. *ſmiles.*

Raſh. There's the man, ſee how ſhe ſmiles upon him.

[Bab. *poynts at* Raſh

Mr. *Will.* No here's the man, ſee how ſhe points at you.

Raſh. She points at me indeed; but oh theſe ſmiles.

Mr. *Will.* That ſmile's a laugh, a ſcorn, a meer deriſion.

[Gregory *comes from her ſhaking his head amorouſly.*

Do you note his coming off, Sir, to her, to her?

[Raſh *goes to her complementing all the way.*

Sir, what news?

Plu. Nay, I ſay nothing, what it was it was.

Mr. *Will.* And what ſay you, Sir?

Gre. What ſhe ſaid ſhe ſaid.

[Bab. *claps her hand on her breaſt.*

Plu. That clapping of her hand upon her breaſt I do not like; ſhe gave me good words, but that's a tough bit on my ſtomach.

Mr. *Will.* I'll help you down with that, her words were theſe. 'Tis very true, you are a very civil Gentleman, and one above the fortunes which you ſeek; but when the heart is promis'd there's no calling back. Theſe were her words, believe me. Did ſhe not ſhake her head? as who ſhould ſay, you are the man muſt have her.

Plu. Tis enough.

Mr. *Will.* You are muffled up in melancholy too, Sir.

Gre. She gave me comfortable words, but that embrace, and thus her hand meeting her heart ſo oft moves ſhe a little.

Mr. *Will.* Then you'll be mov'd with nothing. I'll tell you what ſhe ſaid. Sir, you are a good man, a Citizen, wiſe and rich, though theſe three ſeldom go together [*Aſide.* But when they do, it is an Aldermans pace. The Maidenhead is your Aims, and in your Arms believe me I wiſh one, for my Widowhood is otherwiſe engaged. Theſe were her words; you are the man muſt have her, did ſhe not ſmile upon you?

Gre. Yes, ſhe did.

Mr. *Will.* Why, why ſhould you be mayd then?

[Raſh *comes from* Bab. *melancholy.*

Look,

Look, he comes from her, and as melancholy as a ſick Munkey. You are the man, Mr. *Gregory*. [Barb *beckons*. She bockons one of you.

Plu. Me, me, I hope, and I'll to her. } *Both go to her*
Gre. You ſhall not go alone, Sir. } *and whiſper.*

Mr. *Will.* Now what's the happineſs?

Raſ. My happineſs is, that what ſhe ſaid, ſhe ſaid.

Mr. *Will.* You have had a long and a very gracious hearing.

Raſh. I have, I thank her, a very gracious hearing. Why doth ſhe laugh ſo loud? [Bab *Laughs*. 'Tis not at me I hope.

Mr. *Will.* At you? — no Sir, no, — what laugh at a civil Gentleman? I could tell you what ſhe ſaid for a need.

Raſ. I ſhould be glad to hear it.

Mr. *Will.* Then I will make you glad, Sir, beſeech you hear me.

Mr. *Pluſh.* You are a proper man ſmooth and ſoft; you have not your name for nothing. I have heard you are valiant; fear no man, but the man that frights any man, a Serjeant; yet you have made ſome of them run, two or three at once, and glad they could overtake you too.

Raſ. This was a thing worth laughing at indeed.

Mr. *Will.* But for Mr. *Gregory* the Country Gentleman (good harmleſs thing) ſhe ſaid little or nothing to him. I have told you what ſhe laughed at, you are the man muſt have her — [*My Lady beckons me.*

[*They fall off*; Barb *beckons* Mr. *Will.* Your pleaſure, Madam.

Plu. I cannot tell if ſhaking of the head, and ſerious ſhaking of the head, may be gracious ſign of love, I am the man.

Gre. Oh ſmile, ſweet ſmile, full of ſplendidious rayes, ſuch as the Sun at Dinner time diſplays: if I do not tickle her in figure, let me be counted a Cypher; well, if my Father would but dye once, — I am the man muſt have her.

Mr. *Will.* Your will ſhall inſtantly be done ſweet Lady Gentlemen, 'tis my Ladies pleaſure you leave her at this time. [*To Mr.* Pluſh *aſide.*

Mr. *Pluſh*, my Lady deſires you to meet her exactly at Ten a clock this morning at the Devil Tavern, and there expect her

her coming. [*Offers to go to* Barb.
What diſcover your ſelf before theſe Coxcombs? Away, away, you are the man muſt have her.

Pluſh. Moſt beauteous Lady. [*Exit complementing.*

Mr. *Will.* Mr. *Gregory*, I have ſent him off with a flea in his ear, onely that I might deſire you to meet her at the Devil exactly at ten a clock, in ſome diſguiſe for fear of a diſcovery; and ſhe'll not fail to meet you.

Gre. At the Devil, ſaid you?

Mr. *Will.* Yes, yes, at the Devil Tavern, and there you'll find my Lady will be your Lady. Be gone.

Gre. Well, if my father would but die once, then-----farewell moſt beauteous Lady. [*Exit complementing.*

Mr. *Will.* Mr. *Raſh*, I have given him a Box to put his Pepper in; you are the man ſhall have her.

Raſh. In good deed, Sir.

Mr. *Will.* You'll hear as much from my Lady.

Raſh. O might I be ſo happy.

Mr. *Will.* Why you ſhall, Sir. I have told the Gentleman your mind, ſweet Lady, who deſires no greater happineſs on earth then to hear it from your ſelf.

Barb. Mr. *Raſh*, though it ſcarce ſuit with modeſty, my bluſh begs excuſe; blame me not then for ſaying of that I love you, ſince 'tis a certrin truth, and ſuch a one as you deſire to hear, and therefore take your wiſh, you are the man ſhall have me.

Raſh. May I build?

Mr. *Will.* With Brick according to the Statute.

Raſh. I mean upon this promiſe.

Mr. *Will.* O, you mean upon the Lady, Sir: you hear you may, the foundation is laid to your hands, and the Edifice half up already; and to complete the ſtructure my Lady would have you meet her in ſome diſguiſe at the Devil Tavern, at ten a clock exactly, and from thence to go with her to the next Chapel, and there be put in poſſeſſion of your greateſt Happineſs.

Raſh. I will not fail the time. Farewell, dear Lady. With this I take my leave. [*Exit.*

Mr. *Will.* Farewell, credulous Coxcomb; how eaſily are theſe Citizens gull'd, and how monſtrouſly do they gape for the bleſſing of a debauched Chambermaid? Any thing that has

not the nauceous name of a Cits. Darling is as modeſt as an Angel. *Barb.* I hope to gratifie me for the pains and care I take in thus providing thee a wealthy Father and a fooliſh Husband: I may enjoy the bleſſing of your company.

Barb. I ſhall not derogate from the cuſtom of us Citizens, who long more for the company of a Gentleman Uſher, then a big-bellied woman for impoſſibilities; but you muſt be a Godfather.

Mr. *Will.* I muſt not be a Courtier elſe, nor you a City wife; for 'tis always the poor Cuckolds cuſtom, to pick him out for a Godfather who has the greateſt ſhare of his wife's company. But we trifle time; let's go.

In ſuch affairs ſwift motion we deſire;
One hour can kindle and put out the fire. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Oliver *and the Captain as in the field.*

Cap. Now, Knight, I ſee you love a noble promiſe too well to break it: y'are a Gentleman.

Sir *Ol.* Sir, ſhould I find that I had loſt my ſelf in any thing that ſhould proclaim me leſs, I ſhould not hate my Enemy ſo much as ſuch a heady action.

Cap. I am ready. [*Draws.*

Sir *Ol.* So ſudden; although I came to fight, yet were I ſure I could put by thy fury, the fighting part ſhould onely be thy own, mine onely my own Buckler.

Cap. Slighted; 's death prepare, or------

Sir *Ol.* I muſt not dally then; [*Draws.* come *Mullineux*

Cap. I'm ready. [*Fight; Cap. wounded.*

Sir *Ol.* Hold, Captain, hold; you bleed.

Cap. As you muſt do, or all my bloud's at hazard; come on, Sir.

Sir *Ol.* How fatal, Sir, another cloſe may be we know not.

Cap. No, nor do we fear it.

Sir *Ol.* Then, *Mullineux*, what following hurts you have call not the work of my unwilling hands, but thy frenzy. Captain, you faint [*They fight.*

Cap. Take your advantage then.

Sir *Ol.* Advantage, Sir, how mean you?

Cap.

Cap. Of my wound. [*Lets his ſword fall.*
My weakneſs, *Bellingham.*------You ſee there's now no interpos'd reſiſtance between my heart and thy bold weapon, come.

Sir *Ol.* I rather wiſh that all thy bloud were in thy veins again, though with that ſtrength, new courage, and the malice that but two minutes paſt purſued my life; you ſhould again purſue 't, and put it to another dangerous hazard.

Cap. Thou art a noble Enemy------And now my troubled Underſtanding's calm again; I ſee my ſelf worthy the wounds I have, and all their anguiſh trebled------thou art juſt.

Sir *Ol.* I am too unmindful of thy wounds, thy ſmarting faintneſs------but my cares ſhall now onely attend thy ſafety.

Cap. Mind thy own------fly *Bellingham.*

Sir *Ol.* Let all my beſt deſires be fruitleſs then; come, *Mullineux*, let me ſupport thy fainting body.

Cap. Worthy Sir, you made me ſee that braves and boaſtings in good cauſes are,

The Dolphins wanton dallying on the waves;
That foreruns tempeſts, this untimely graves. [*Exeunt.*

Act the Fourth.

Enter old Thraſhard *brave, and the Lady* Malory.

Mal. You know my mind; fail not in any thing that lies in my direction.

Thr. Fear not me; you have made me brave, and I'll do my buſineſs as bravely.

Mal. And ſo for your Son and Daughter.

Thr. Nay for my Son, ſince he put on his bravery for a Gallant in jeſt, he will not be perſuaded but that he's a Gallant in earneſt; ſcorns to think on Canvas, courſe Frize, or a Sheepskin Doublet, or to talk but of Lords and Ladies. And as for my Daughter------ [*A hum within.*

Mal. Heark, he's come already.

Thr. In good Lady, 'tis his hum indeed. [*Exit Lady* Mal. If I can but hit the ſtate of a Juſtice handſomly.

Enter Sir Robert.

But here comes Sir *Robert*, I muſt go to my ſtation.

[Thr. *walks up and down in ſtate.*

Sir *Ro.* Well *Edmonton*, thou that holdſt her who holds me in the ſtrong net of Affection, I am once again come to ſee thee: how in th'imagination of this ſport my old heart capers? Well, this little houſe, this little cottage, while it holds my *Peg* is my beſt houſe, my Caſtle and my Palace of pleaſure.

Thr. You are welcom, honeſt Gentleman; what would you?

Sir *Ro.* Ha, what would you, Sir? By his face old *Thraſhard* my Tenant, but by the reverend outſide that he wears I know not with what ſtyle to ſalute him.

Thr. Would you ought with me or mine, Sir?

Sir *Ro.* I would ſpeak with Good man of the houſe, Sir.

Thr. The Right Worſhipful Maſter of this houſe you may ſpeak tō.

Sir *Ro.* What may I call your name?

Thr. My name in common is *Threſhard*, but with the Gentile Addition *Oliver Threſhard* Eſq; Juſtice of Peace and *Corum*.

Sir *Ro.* Juſtice of Peace and *Corum*------do you not know me, Mr. *Oliver*?

Thr. Not you Mr. what ſhall I call you? Belike you would have us know you whether we will or no, Sir.

Sir *Ro.* Has not your Worſhip a ſon nam'd *Abram*?

Thr. My Worſhip has a ſon that men call Mr. *Abram Thraſhard*.

Sir *Ro.* May a man deſire to ſee him, Sir?

Thr. He's not afraid to be ſeen, Sir-----Son *Abram*, Mr. *Abram*.

Enter Abram *brave.*

Come, here's a Gentleman deſires to ſee you.

Abr. To ſee me, my Right Worſhipful Father? if he be a Gentleman we are to be ſeen and ſpoke to. Your buſineſs to me, Sir?-----hum-----hum-----hum------

Sir *Ro.* Doth your Worſhip know me, Mr. *Abram*?

Abr.

Abr. My Worſhip doth know many Gentlemen, ſome Lords and ſome Ladies too, Sir.

Sir *Ro.* But me your Landlord, Sir *Robert?*

Abr. Landlord to one in Satten?

Sir *Ro.* Your Worſhip remembers me, ſure Sir?

Abr. My Worſhip remembers you not, Sir; muſt not, ſhall not, nor will not: Landlord to one in Satten! Did you hear him, Right worſhipful Father?

Thr. I heard him, my worſhipful ſon; juſt thus he talk'd to me too.

Abr. Landlord to one in Satten!

Sir *Ro.* They talk of a wonderful Year, but here's a moſt wonderful Minute. I am ſure, worſhipful Sir, have not you a ſiſter call'd *Gillian?*

Abr. Call'd Mrs. *Gillian* I have, and you ſhall know that I have: Siſter, Mrs. *Gillian*, Siſter.

Enter Gillian *brave.*

There's a Gentleman would ſpeak with one *Gillian*, no more but ſo, plain *Gillian.*

Gill. You might have remembred the *M*, Sir.

Sir *Ro.* Which of the *M's Madona* Miſtreſs, or *Maulkin?*

Gill. Right worſhipful Father, ſhall our Greatneſs endure the *Maulkin?*

Sir *Ro.* I confeſs Forgetfulneſs: your pardon, ſweet Mrs. *Gillian.*

Thr. 'Tis well you have chang'd your note, Sir; had you not, by this Chain I know what I know, Sir.

Sir *Ro.* Do you know me, Mrs. *Gillian?*

Gill. For a ſawcy Companion I do, Sir.

Sir *Ro.* Why this is admirable; what Brokers Wardrobe have they met withall? Let me not miſtake, and charge a kindneſs with unkindneſs though: for ought I know this may be ſome conceit, that in the cloſe ſhall to my entertainment adde more delight and luſtre. Worthy Sir, may but my boldneſs progreſs to the ſight of your fair Daughter *Margaret*, I have done, and reſt indebted to your Right worſhipful ſelf, and your worſhipful ſon and daughter.

Thr. Son *Abram*, call in your Right worſhipful ſiſter.

Abr.

Abr. Now talk like one of us, a Gentleman; a Gentlewoman ſhall talk with the Gentleman, and ſo as the Proverb is, 'Tis merry when Gentlefolks meet. Siſter, Mrs. *Margaret*, Siſter.

Enter Margaret *brave.*

Mar. Your buſineſs, Brother.

Abr: Ask our Right worſhipful Father.

Sir Ro. I there's the ſtar that uſhers in my happineſs.

Mar. With me, Sir?

Sir Ro. My beauteous *Margaret*, how ere o'th' ſudden chang'd into theſe rich clothes, I hope you know me better then your father doth, your brother, or your ſiſter.

Mar. Know you, Sir?

Sir Ro. I hope you do.

Mar. Indeed I do not, Sir.

Sir Ro. Not know me?

Mar. No; -----nor to be brief and plain do I deſire to know you.

Sir Ro. Not know me, I am *Sir Robert Malory.*

Mar. Sir Robert Malory? I do not know him; but I have heard of ſuch a one, a Knight, a City Knight, a piece of old dry ſtuff that's good for nothing, yet as luſtful as a *Satyr*: out upon him, wrongs his good Lady, ſuch a beauteous Lady, nay ſuch a virtuous Lady; out upon him. They ſay his Luſt moſt eagerly purſues his Tenants Daughter, a poor Country Innocence.

Sir Ro. Ha, this the delight I look'd for?

Mar. 'Tis reported he has done her good, ſettled a poor Eſtate upon her aged Father; and of goodneſs muſt the reward be ſin?

Sir Ro. Some Conjuration, Witchcraft.

Thr. How he ſweats?

Mar. Siſter, Pray call our mother.

Gill. Lady Mother.

Enter Lady Malory.

Mal. How now, what's the matter?

Sir Ro. How's this? her mother? why this is my Lady, or the Devil in her likeneſs; I'm ſure ſhe'll know me.

Mal.

Mal. Deſire to ſpeak with me, Sir?

Sir Ro. You Lady, will ſhe not know me neither?

Mal. I cannot ſtand to talk, Sir.

Sir Ro. Not with me?

Mal. With you, Sir? no, Sir? what are you, Sir?

Sir Ro. Ha, do you not know me, Lady?

Mal. Know you, Sir? how? when? where? why? for what, Sir?

Sir Ro. How? when? where? why? for what, Sir? why here's the fineſt mad fit, the moſt worſhipful piece of Lunacy, that a man ſhall deſire to look on: why, are not you my wife?

Mal. Thy wife?

Sir Ro. My wife.

Mal. I hope, my Right worſhipful Husband, you will not ſee me jeer'd and derided; he challenges me for his wife.

Thr. My Lady your wife? By this Chain if you play the mad Alderman here, you were better have done it in Bedlam. Your wife? Go to, no more but ſo, go to.

Abr. Our Right worſhipful mother your wife? By this Satten go to, no more but ſo, go to.

Mar. Methinks in ſuch a Gentleman as you are, ſuch ſport, ſo old, and ſuch a reverend man, this wildneſs ſhews not handſom.

Sir Ro. Handſom quotha, my wife deny me too? If I be mad, I'll play the mad mans part a little longer. Heark Lady, are not you my wife? are not you my Tenant? are not you *Abram Ninne*? you *Gillian of Brainford*? you pretty *Peg of Edmonton*? and this houſe here my own? 's death they jeer me. This is a trick of my Ladies, to deride and ſhame me: ſhe has diſcovered me, and there's no hiding of my faults. *Peg*, wife *Peg*, I confeſs my love; but do you hear me, Lady? Madam *Peg*.

Mal. The old man's mad.

Sir Ro. I were mad indeed if I ſhould not know my own Lady: prethee torment me no longer. I was wanton I confeſs it, and bluſh to own I was ſo; but by this free confeſſion I hope to gain your pardon.

Abr. When we walk thus abroad, how our once familiar Acquaintance will bow and adore our Satten? but we know the worſhipful nod, for a word we ſhall hardly afford them.

Mal.

Mal. May I believe all this you have proteſted? well, but yet you may make Relapſes, how ere the fault is pardoned.

Sir Ro. My thanks, and promiſe ne'r to dote again on her, nor any other. How likes the Right worſhipful this now?

Thr. By this Chain exceeding well, Sir.

Abr. I proteſt by this Satten it is, Sir.

Sir Ro. Pleaſe your Worſhips may I poſſeſs her now? Do you know me now?

All. Our worthy and right worſhipful Landlord.

Sir Ro. Will your Satten ſubmit to that, Sir? *Peg*, I love thee, not for thy Beauty but thy Vertues. The teſtimony of it ſhall be this; your ſtates ſhall be as great as they appear to be, I have ſpare bags will do it; and my care ſhall find you out a worthy Husband. Right worſhipful Tenant, I give you the Houſe and Lands you live in, and to maintain your ſelves and them with credit an hundred pounds a year, and after your deceaſe it paſſes to your Heirs, from thence to their Poſterities.

All. Thanks to our Right worſhipful Landlord.

Sir Ro. For you 't ſhall be my care and ſtudy to find out a juſt and fit reward to crown your Vertues.

This conqueſt gain'd, rewards are due to thoſe
Who make ſuch acts as theſe their greateſt foes. [*Exeunt.*

Three Tables are ſet out; Enter Gregory Dwindle *diſguis'd as in a Tavern.*

Gre. This is the place I am to meet my Lady in, and near the hour too; but I wonder ſhe would chuſe a Tavern! Perhaps ſhe loves Sack before Matrimony, if ſhe doth ſo do I; therefore, ſweeet Mr. *Gregory*, ſit down and recreate your ſelf. [*Sits down and knocks; Enter Drawer.* A Bottle you conceive me of the beſt Canary; and if a Lady come pray ſend her in.

Draw. What Lady, Sir?

Gre. That's counſel, but for ſatisfactions ſake 'tis a Mourning Lady.

Draw. You are miſtaken in the houſe, Sir; here's none but mad Ladies come hither.

[*Exit Drawer.*

Gre.

Greg. She may be a mad mourning-Lady, for ought I know. If my Father would but dye once, how happy ſhould I be!

Enter Drawer *with Wine, and* Pluſh *diſguis'd.*

Pluſ. If the Lady comes, you know my mind; I'm in the Figure Three. [*Sits down*; Draw. *fills to* Gre. *and then goes to* Pluſh. I am for Canary; but what fellow's that?

Draw. A Country Gentleman, Sir, that ſtayes here for a Lady. [Gre. *drinks all this while.*

Pluſ. Do you know her?

Draw. Not perfectly, but I gueſs ſome *Madonna* or other that haunts our houſe: we have all conveniencies. [*Exit* Drawer.

Gre. This Sack would taſt better if my Father were but dead once, but as it is, it is. [*Drinks.*

Enter Drawer *with wine, and* Raſh *diſguis'd.*

Raſ. You know the token?

Draw. Sweet Mr. *Raſh*, I do, and ſhall obſerve it.

Raſ. But what two fellows are they? I would be private.

Draw. Two Town Bullies, that call here commonly once a day, to drink a Bottle; their ſtay will not be long.

Raſ. But why aſunder?

Draw. For fear of quarrelling, Sir; men of ſuch known valour are commonly at variance.

Raſ. Another Room would ſerve me better; I am not fit for Bullies.

Draw. You need not fear them, Sir, they dare not fight a ſtranger. {Draw. *goes to* Pluſh, *and fills out a Glaſs,* Raſh *ſits down,* Draw. *comes to him.*

Raſ. I am for Sack.

Gre. This Sack is very powerful, for methinks, I could fight now; ſa, ſa, ſa. [*Draws, and fences up toward* Raſh.

Raſ. Hold, Sir, hold; I beſeech you hold: let not me be the object your rage points at.

Gre. What, Mr. *Raſh*, are you here? I'gad we are the happy men, I ſee.

Raſ. I think ſo too, Mr. *Gregory*: put up, put up, and let's drink a health to the Lady. [Gre. *puts up.*

Gre. With all my heart, and ſing a health to her too, if my Father would but dye once.

Raſ. Now you talk of ſinging, let's have a ſinging health, to paſs away time, till the Lady comes.

Gre. With all my heart. but as for Mr. *Pluſh* he may hide his face like a velvet lining: we are the happy men.

[*Mr.* Pluſh *dances up and down, at laſt comes to* Gre. *and* Raſh.

Pluſ. What, Mr. *Raſh*, and Mr. *Gregory Dwindle!*

Gre. and *Raſ.* What, Mr. *Raſh*, are you here too?

Pluſ. So it ſeems, and I fear we are all ſent hither to be made Coxcombs of, for I ſee no Lady appears.

Gre. That may be, however I'l be merry, and ſing a ſong, and drink a bottle; and a Pox of Melancholy, my Father muſt dye, that's my comfort.

Raſ. Well ſaid, Mr. *Gregory*, hang ſorrow, I ſay: let's have the ſong.

SONG.

Here is without doubt
Two Fools and a Lout,
Who came out of hopes to be merry or mad.
But I'gad their delight
Has ſham'd 'em out right,
And has made the poor Citizen ſad.
But let her be dam'd, and be wretched, and poor,
I'l drink till I'm drunk, and be jilted no more.

Gre. What ſay you, Gentlemen?

Raſh. I'm of your mind.

Pluſ. And I.

Gre. Then ſhow your ſelves true ſons of the Pitcher, and roar out the two laſt lines.

All Sing.

Then let her be damn'd, for ſhe's wretched and poor.
We'l drink till we're drunk, and be jilted no more.

All drink. *Enter Mr.* William.

Mr. *Will.* Good morrow, Gentlemen, you may wonder my Lady choſe out this place to meet in; but when you know the reaſon, you'l rather praiſe than blame her. She knows you are

valiant

valiant all, you for the Sword, you for the Law, and you, Sir, for the antient weapon, Fist.

Gre. By your favor, Sir, I am for the Modern Weapon, Sword too, if I am provok'd.

Mr. *Will.* It may be so, Sir, therefore my Lady knowing your excessive Valors, and desiring to have no Innocents blood shed in her cause, desires you to drink for her.

All. How?

Mr. *Will.* He that drinks most, and finds the newest Health, my Lady vows to marry.

Ras. Say you so? nay for drinking and so forth, let me alone.

Plus. And me for drinking, drabbing, swearing, fighting, dancing, singing, and huffing, let me alone, and if here are not Graces enough to win a Widow, the Devil shall turn husband.

Gre. And let me alone for—— if my Father would but dye once. [*Mr.* Will. *to* Gre. *aside.*

Mr. *Will.* If I might advise you, Mr. *Gregory*, drink out of a Boot.

Gre. A Boot?

Mr. *Will.* Yes, a Boot, and one of the largest you can meet withall. 'Tis new, and a sufficient Jest to win a Lady.

Gre. I can do it.

Mr. *Will.* You need not fear the Lady then.

Enter Draw. Greg. *whispers the* Draw.

[*Mr.* Will. *aside to* Plush. Out of a shoe, Mr. *Plush*, I think would take with her, for I once heard her say, she saw the frolick, and it pleas'd her strangly.

Plus. It shall be done, Sir.

[Plush *whispers the* Drawer, *who Exits: Mr.* Will. *aside to* Rash.

Mr. *Will.* A bottle serves your turn, that being off leave the two Fops, and come down stairs, where you shall find my Lady ready to receive you.

Ras. Thanks, Mr. *William*, let this reward your care. [*Gives him Money.*

Mr. *Will.* Gentlemen, I must be gone, my Lady waits below to hear of your success, and whoe're gets the victory, let his loud voice proclaim it. Farewell. [*Exit Mr.* Will.

Enter Drawer, *with a Boot full, Shoe full, and a Bottle full of Wine; gives the Boot to* Greg. *the Shoe to* Plush, *and the Bottle to* Rash.

Raſ. I ſee, Gentlemen, you are reſolv'd to out-do me: if I loſe the Lady for want of drinking, 'tis my ill fortune, howe'r here's to her, and to that happy man who has her. [*Drinks, and ſneaks off.*

Pluſ. And here's a health to the unhappy man who goes without her. [*Drinks.*

Gre. And here's a health to the leg, foot, and perſon that in former ages wore this famous Boot. [*Drinks.*

Plu. This ſhoe has a deviliſh hogo with it: Eſſence of toes! how I admire you. [*Drinks.*

Gre. This boot has as profound an underſtanding as my Lady, and becauſe I deſire to know the depth of one as well as the other; thus I ſqueeſe the Pitcher, over Shoes, over Boots, I ſay.

{ *Both having drunk, hollow, and reel up and down, crying* a Dwindle, *a* Pluſh, *a* Pluſh, *a* Dwindle, *&c.*

Pluſ. Why, Mr. *Gregory Dwindle*, Fop out of Mode, and Monſter of the Town, dare you preſume to think you've won the Lady?

Gre. Why, Mr. *Timothy Facing*, Fop Alamode, and Pimp to half the Nation, dare you preſume to think you've won the Lady?

Pluſ. Yes, and to ſhow I dare, thus I aſſault you.

[*Throws the ſhoe at* Greg.

Greg. And in return, I'l bootifie your Honour.

[*Throws the Boot at* Pluſh; *both draw and fight at a diſtance.*

Pluſ. Dwindle, thou haſt wrong'd me.

Gre. Pluſh, thou haſt wrong'd me.

Pluſ. Thou haſt not won the Lady.

Gre. Thou haſt not won the Lady.

Pluſ. For which—— though I am loth.

Gre. For which—— though I am loth: but yet I muſt, my Honour cannot brook it. [*Fight at a diſtance again.*

Pluſ. Hold, hold, Mr. *Gregory*, I believe we are both chous'd: what's become of *Raſh?*

Gre. Pox of our raſh doings, how ſoon might one of us two have been nothing. But what's become of *Raſh?*

Pluſ. Sneak'd after the Lady, on my life.

Gre. O that the Raſcal were but dead once, how I would maul him for all his skill in Law.

Enter

Enter Mr. Will. *Mr.* Raſh, *and* Barbary *as Married.*

Gre. Oh, horror, revenge, revenge.

Pluſh. Blood and revenge aſſiſt me.

Mr. *Will.* Why Gentlemen, what mean you?

Gre. Nothing, Sir, but revenge, revenge, I ſay.

[Gre. *and* Pluſh, *rave up and down.*

Raſh. They quarrel for your beauty, Lady.

Bab. Lady me no Ladies, for I'll be a Lady no longer, I am my Ladies Chamber-maid. Do you know me?

[*Plucks of her Vail.*

Mr. *Will.* If you know her not yet, you may know her anon by this, Sir.

Raſh. By that, Sir. What Sir? Villany, villany, *&c.*

Bab. No matter for that, I'll be honeſt enough to you, Sir.

Raſh. Pox of your honeſty. Villany, villany, I ſay.

[*Exit Running.*

Bab. You cannot fly ſo faſt, but I can follow.——

[*Exit Running.*

Gre. Blood and revenge, I ſay.

Pluſh. I, I, blood, and revenge, I ſay.

Mr. *Will.* Fie Gentlemen, be patient, you are miſtaken, and the loſs you rave for ſo is but imaginary. Did you not ſee the Jeſt?

Gre. Yes, yes, I ſaw the Jeſt, that is, I ſaw *Raſh*, and my Lady, hand in hand; But blood, and revenge, I ſay.

Mr. *Will.* You are miſtaken, it was *Bab*, my Ladies Chamber-maid.

Gre. How! my Ladies Chamber-maid?

Mr. *Will.* The Lady is a Diſh for your ſelf to Feaſt on, Mr. *Gre.*

Gre. Is't poſſible? Gull him with the maid, to help me to the Bed of the Miſtriſs?

Mr. *Will.* You ſee my love, Sir? He's a fooliſh Remnant-ſeller, and a Citizen: you are a Gentleman. Hark in your ear, meet her within this hour, at the Chappel in *Dukes-Place.*

Gre. I ſhall have her then?

Mr. *Will.* You need not doubt it.

Gre. Well, if my Father would but dye once!

Mr. *Will.* Be gone, be gone, Sir, you'll loſe the time elſe.

[*Exit.* Gregory.

—Now.

—Now for you, Mr. *Pluſh*, my Lady deſires you to meet her within this two hours, at *Hide-Park* corner; from thence to go to *Knights-Bridge*, and there Enter into thoſe pleaſing Bonds, call'd Matrimony.

Pluſh. Shall I have her then?

Mr. *Will.* You ſhall; but miſs not a hair of my Directions, hark,——be gone.—— [*Whiſpers.*

Pluſh. I will not fail, I cannot chuſe but laugh at the poor Citizen, a Chambermaid? *Exit Laughing.*

Mr. *Will.* Laugh on, at length I ſhall have all the cauſe, and bleſs my ſelf, thus happily to end, the troubles were begun in one nights pleaſure, methinks I'm a Gallant all over: and glory as much in making other men Father my Children, as they do in Marrying their Debauch'd Miſſes to their ſervants, thus far I'm ſafe: *Dwindle* muſt Marry my Lady *Antiquity*; but who Mr. *Pluſh?* Oh I have it: *Thraſhard* has a ſcolding Daughter, and one, who as much longs for a Husband, as he does for a Wife. Her I'll ſeduce to meet him: if not the perſon, the Eſtate will move her.

Then all who ſmile to ſee Intrigues well done,
For love, or honour, will Applaud this one. [*Exit.*

ACT the Fifth.

Two Chairs ſet out.

Enter Raſh *like a Puritan, running, and* Bab *like a Puritan, following him.*

Raſh. KEep off, I ſay, do not purſue the faithful: haſt thou not already Metamorphoz'd me from a man, into a Monſter? from a Reverend Citizen, into a diſhonorable Badg of Antiquity? I feel the horns, yea the very horns of the Beaſt as it were rebel againſt the Fleſh, and tell me I am transform'd.

Bab. From a Monſter, to a Saint? Ah conſider what a vile Trade you follow'd, how you Cheated this, that, and to'ther Friend, and all for want of the true light, which now is plentifully beſtow'd upon thee.

Raſh.

Raſh. A true light one you were indeed, and ſo I fear will prove; But have a care, conſider, I may reform, I may find out the ill turnings, the evil meanings, and the ſinful doings of the Brethren; and then reaſſuming my ſo late loſt Religion, be advanc'd the Cities head, and, as one of its grave Fathers has already ſacrific'd the Devil and the *Pope*, and other the leſs faulty, and harmleſs ſinners of the Age; I may bend all my fury towards you, and with my ſword of deſtruction, which is the Beam of Juſtice, ſweep ye all into that honorable Manſion, *Bridewell.*

Bab. Oh horrid!—canſt thou name that place, and not tremble? Or think you that common ſewer of Sin, and not deſpiſe the founder. *Bridewell*? Oh horror! A common Bawdy-houſe, and made for the entertainment of none but looſe, looſe Women, call'd by the vulgar Whores.

Raſh. 'Twas built for thee, baſe Woman; But the ſpirit's weak, and vexation deſires a Reſting place, I muſt ſit down.

Bab. Alaſs, poor ſpirit, I will ſit down too, and keep thee company, even in tribulation.

Enter as Married Gregory *and old* Gent. *vaild: after them a* Boy *with Wine.*

Gre. The buſineſs is done, now Widow, and there's no frowning. Come, come, I am the happy man, and ſo forth. ——Boy, ſome Wine, —— here's a health to that Monſtrous Coxcomb *Raſh.*—— [*Drinks and flings the remainder in* Raſh's *Face.*

Raſh. Oh, moſt Diabolical! my zeal pricks me, to give them ſome dehorting words of Exhortation. Hum, hum.——

Gre. Come, come, I ſay, you ſhall drink, drink and be drunk, Lady, and then.—— [*Reels againſt* Raſh.

Raſh. Where are you Reeling, d'ye think, you profane abuſer?

Gre. Why you blind Coxcomb, to a Tavern. Do you hear, Monſter? if you will drink you may, if not, you ſee this.—— [*Shows him his ſword.*

Raſh. No, I ſmell a Satan in it, I defie thee, do what thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Aminadab, I will beat thee into one Spunge, and then cut thee into pieces, Hypocrite, unleſs you will do as I do, that is drink, and ſo forth. Will you take?

Raſh.

Raſh. No, I will firſt turn Martyr, and take my affliction patiently, 'tis the oath of the Brethren.

Gre. And this is the Oath of the Hectors. [*Draws.*

Raſh. Do, ſtrike, I am arm'd with ſpiritual armor. [*Strikes him.*

Bab. Ceaſe, wicked man, to perſecute the faithful. Theſe are not ſtripes of Love. Alas, poor man he melts: and I in pitty muſt relent for company. ——

Raſh. Well, Sir, the Brethren will meet, and then.

Gre. Then I will beat them too, and ſo commend me to um. Come along, Widow. *Exit.* Gre. Gent. *and* Boy.

Raſh. My zeal muſt find revenge, this perſecution I find is the Badge of the Brethren.

Enter Mr. Will. *like a* Quaker.

Mr. *Will.* Welcome, dear brother, how have you fought within this Wordly warfare?

Raſh. Not without great danger of Satans devices, but being confidently Arm'd with the Spirit, I came off without any corporal harm, yet I ſuffered notwithſtanding, the perſecution of a ſword, and had that Helliſh liquor Sack moſt ſcornfully flung into my Eyes, which made my zeal grow hot to revenge me of my perſecutors.

Mr. *Will.* It was well done, and ſhow'd the ſtoutneſs of a Brother. The Element is good, if in the hands of a zealous Brother: which makes me ſeldome be without it, I have found great comfort in a cup of Sack. [*Plucks out a Bottle.*

Bab. I profeſs, Brother, you ſay right.

Mr. *Will.* The Bottle is full, I drink of it to fire my zeal, which is many times apt to grow cold; will it pleaſe you to taſt of it?

Bab. I thank you, and will participate, — truſt me, [*Drinks.* 'tis very good, and my ſpirit moves me to try the } *Drinks again.* Depth of it. ——— verily, verily, 'tis very comfortable, the very Emblem of water of life. —— [*Drinks again.*

Mr. *Will.* How ſoon is this credulous Couple deluded? by this means I hope to make both Friends,

In Zeal, in Drink, and Weddings, all have ends.

Raſh. It is indeed the very Water of life.

Mr. *Will.*

Mr. *Will.* I I, therefore the Brethren uſe it, truſt me Brother, it recover'd Mrs. *Simple*, that was ſtruck into a viſion, and wakened her ſo contentedly, as if ſhe had ſeen but a dream, it was at a Sermon of one Mr. *Thumps*.

Bab. Indeed I knew him, he was ſilenc'd, becauſe he broke a new Pulpit. A very painful man, and much given to labour and Travel.

Mr. *Will.* You ſay right, he doth much good upon the ſiſters; but as I was inform'd, he was ſilenc'd for waking a Uſurer that was a ſleep.

Bab. No, no, it was a Church-warden believe me; but have you any more of this Liquor?

Mr. *Will.* Yea, for the faithful, I have.

[*Gives* Bab, *another Bottle.*

Bab. Ananias, take ſome of this, 'tis good to digeſt affliction.

[*Gives it to* Raſh.

Raſh. Truly, Spouſe, thy counſel is at this time very comfortable. [Raſh *drinks often.*

Mr. *Will.* After adverſity, proſperity hath a pleaſing taſt. May I participate?

Raſh. Yea,——and much good may it do unto thy ſpirit. Is it all off?——'Tis pitty.——Now, Spouſe, let us go unto thy Woman, thy deceitful Woman, who hath abuſed the faithful, but I forgive her. { *Drinks and then gives it to Mr.* Will. *who drinks all off.*

Bab. And I, with all my heart.

[*Exeunt. Manet Mr.* William.

Mr. *Will.* Thus far I'm ſafe and every thing ſucceeds according to my wiſh. Now *Bab*, thou haſt a Husband, and one that's made of Wax, and as fit to take any impreſſion, as his zeal is to follow any Religion; But how you came ſo altered is a Riddle, and one too deep for me to Conſter. By this time all my Clients are Married, from the Fop to the Courtier, from the Courtier to the Clown, and from the Clown to the Preciſian. All's done, and ſafely, thanks to my happy Stars.

What I ſhall get by this Prodigious Birth,
Is yet unknown, all I deſire is mirth.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *Drawn*,

Diſcovers the Captain in a Chair, Sir Oliver *diſguis'd like the Doctor, Sir* Robert, *Lady* Mallory, *and the Lady* Lovely *weeping.*

Sir *Ro.* How is't, Captain?

Capt. Faith a weak man, Sir *Robert.*

Sir *Ro.* Nay, nay Siſter, then I ſhall chide you. Weeping? Come, come, dry your eyes, you've wept too much already.

Lov. Had I thought to come, had been to meet this new occaſion, I tell you plainly, you'd come alone for me.

Capt. That 'tis my fault, ſo many tears are ſhed, I cannot but acknowledge, and could my death, which once I thought more certain far than life, make reparation for that raſh act, of which, I, wretched I, was Author, you ſoon ſhould find an ample ſatisfaction.

Lov. It was not that we came for; but hearing that worthy Gentleman, Sir *Oliver*, upon this bloody accident was fled, we came to know the certainty from you.

Capt. He fled. To ſtop his flight, I gave him what incouragement I could, told him my wounds were nothing, and proclaim'd the hand of Noble *Bellingham*, as white as innocency. Do you ſee this Ring, your tears will hardly let you ſee it, yet Lady pray look upon it. Can you call to mind a former ſight on't?

Lov. I have ſeen it ſure, Sir *Oliver*'s, I take it.

Capt. Lady, 'twas.

Lov. What comfort yields the ſight on't?

Capt. I have ſhewn this, to acquit me of thoſe Treacherous thoughts, that you ſuſpected in me, 'gainſt the life of Noble *Bellingham*, who as he parted to take a journy in uncertain Paths, left this Ring with me.

Sir *Ro.* You have charm'd us now from all our harſh ſuſpitions.

Cap. I do not grive ſo much, this loſs of blood, nor all the ſmart goes with it, as by this I have loſt the ſight and the ſociety of ſuch a fair Example of all goodneſs; I could tell you how much beyond the ſufferings of a man,) I dar'd him to the field, how meeting there, he did not look upon me as a Foe, but took into his Embraces my wounded body, brought me from the field, and to the diligence, and well known skill of this good man did

did leave me, and with him his ample ſatisfaction for my cure, or whatſoever might be demanded.

Sir *Ro.* Sir, you have given him a fair Character.

Capt. He were baſer than Envy that would not; and all this he did i'th' honour of your Beautiful Lady.

Sir *Ro,* Lady!

Mall. Madam.

Sir *Ro.* Dear Siſter.

Capt. He lov'd you dearly; can his praiſes then offend your Ear?

Lov. No; Every ſyllable of his commendations is Muſick; but to think that for my ſake, his much commended worth ſhould thus be loſt, O I could weep my ſelf into a ſenſeleſs ſtatue, O *Bellingham,* O Noble, Noble *Bellingham!* No hope again to ſee him? [*Weeps.*

Capt. Do you wiſh it?

Lov. As life, or health, or Heaven.

Capt. You will not then deny one kindneſs to me?

Sir *Ro.* What is't, Captain?

Cap. Only this, Sir *Robert,* I would beg ſince ſhe deſires to ſee him, the favour to wear this Diamond, until I find fit time to ſend it to him.

All. Send it?

Capt. Yes, no ſtrict enquiries of me, if you dare truſt me.

Lov. But direct me, Sir, I'll carry't him my ſelf.

Capt. You know my boſom, Lady, if you will ſend it?

Lov. Take it, Captain.—— But,

Capt. I conceive all that you can urge me to, and will perform it to your own wiſh.

Lov. But why returns not *Bellingham*? Or doth he (hearing his goodneſs has Inthrald my heart,) neglect me now, 'cauſe I neglected him, when my freſh griefs inforc'd me? If he do I muſt confeſs it but a juſt revenge: and ſo as long as grief ſhall give me leave, I'll patiently indure it.

Cap. But you ſhall not, you have indur'd beyond a Womans ſtrength, and ſhall indure no longer. Mr. Doctor, you are the man muſt Cure her.

Sir *Ol. Diſcovers himſelf,* ——Beautious Lady, 'twas your command I ſhould not trouble you with any tedious Love-ſuit; and you ſee I've done what you injoyn'd me, now I hope, I have your voluntary grant?

Lov. I am now what Noble *Bellingham* ſhall pleaſe to make me.

Sir *Ro.* No doubt but he'l make much of thee, Siſter, wilt thou not, Knight? My brave Sir, of a thouſand *per annum.*

Sir *Ol.* She's now my own, and in this union, Sir, the beſt delights that her deſires would have, are mine, my own, and I ſhall ſo purſue 'um.

Enter Mr. William.

Sir *Ro.* The news with you?

Mr. *Will.* Your Tenant *Thraſhard* having information you and your Lady, were come to viſit your melancholy Siſter, By way of thanks and gratitude for your laſt kindneſs, has brought ſome of his Neighbouring Shepherds, to preſent you with a Dance.

Sir *Ro.* He's welcome, and if it be no trouble to you, Siſter, give them admittance,

Lov. You may command me, Brother.

Muſick within, they all ſit down, then Enter Thraſhard, Abram, Margaret, *and Five more dreſt like Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, they Dance. After the Dance, they Sing.*

SONG.

Charming Beauty, you whoſe Eyes
Delight in love and ſacrifice:
Since your Glories ſhine ſo bright,
Let no ſorrows make it night,
Baniſh all the griefs away,
While delights about you play.
For the Pleaſures of youth, and the Joys of your Bliſs,
Is to Frolick, Admire, to Revel, and Kiſs.
Cho. *For the,* &c.

The ſweets of your life, on that Union doth wait,
Immortaliz'd Joys are the bleſſings of Fate:
The Gods though made drunk with their pleaſures above,
Think nothing Diviner, than that of your Love;

For

For love to exceſs, by injoyment made ſtrong,
Makes Mortals immortally frolick along,
In delights uncontroul'd, like the powers above,
We ſurfeit and faint with the pleaſures of love.
Cho. *In delights,* &c.

Each paſſionate look, and each melting embrace,
Each glory attending the charms of your face,
So ſubtly attracts, and ſo ſtrongly commands,
We are ſlaves being free, and free when in bands.
Unkindneſs in frowns, the mandate of hate,
Makes Hell of what Heaven Decreed for our fate.
But you in this Empire ſo tutelar prove,
That Angels are ſubjects, and fight for your love.
Cho. *But you in,* &c.

Song ended, they dance: after the dance, enter Raſh, Bab, *and Mr.* William.

Sir *Rob.* Tenant and Friends, we thank you, and aſſure your ſelves it ſhan't go unrewarded: but now to Church; nay we'l not loſe a minute.

Mr. *Will.* I beſeech you ſtay a little, there's more mirth in your way, and ſuch as I dare promiſe will be worth the looking on: ſee, it appears.

Sir *Rob.* Who's this, Mr. *Raſh?*

Raſ. The ſame, an't pleaſe you.

Sir *Oliv.* Your ſuit continued ſtill, Sir?

Raſ. I have turn'd up another ſuit now, Sir.

Sir *Rob.* Your Wife!

Raſ. Even ſo, Sir.

Bab. Verily ſo, Sir.--Do not you know me, Lady?

Love. Truth, not I.

Bab. Nor you, nor you, nor you?

Mal. We know thee not. What art thou?

Bab. This 'tis to put off our vain and ſuperfluous colours, and to walk as becometh the zealouſly metamorphos'd. I was your creature, Lady.

Love. How? my creature!

Bab. In the phraſe of the world 'twas ſo, but I am now my own, yet verily I do err, for no wife is her own diſpoſer, verily none,

none, for we, to affirm ſincerely, are but members of our head, the man our ſpouſe and our ſuperior.

All. How, *Bab?*

Mr. *Will.* The ſame, believe me.

Capt. How comes ſhe to ſpeak in the noſe ſo?

Mr. *Will.* The tone of the Brethren; but what do you think of this member, *Bab?*

Bab. Though begot, and conceiv'd in vanity, yet being born in the ſtate of Matrimony, the offence may no doubt be remitted, and the innocent in time may prove a moſt zealous member.

Sir *Oliv.* And what think you, Sir?

Raſ. I think as my wife thinks, for man and wife are one.

Bab. Verily you have ſaid, and ſaid like a zealous husband.

Enter Pluſh, *and* Gillian *veil'd.*

Mr. *Will.* Much joy betide your Worſhip.

Pluſh. I thank you. For having this Beauty, I have all the joys my auſpicious Stars could give me.

Mr. *Will.* Well, *Gregory*, if you do hang your ſelf——

Pluſ. Why, if he does, he does, we cannot help it, we are now man and wife.

Mr. *Will.* For better, for worſe.

Pluſ. Then for better, for worſe, I will keep her; why there's another Rival of mine, Sir *Oliver*; ſay he ſhould take the ſame Journey, and go to Heaven in a halter after him, can I help it?

Sir *Oliv.* I confeſs you cannot, thank you, Mr. *Pluſh.*

Pluſh. I did but ſay, if you ſhould, Sir.

Sir *Oliv.* No, though the loſs be ſomewhat grievous to me, the ſorrow ſhall not go ſo deep, ſhe's yours.

Pluſ. As ſure as the Church can make her.

Sir *Oliv.* What muſt be, muſt be, Sir; much joy betide you.

Pluſ. Thank you.

Enter Gregory, *and* Old Gentlewoman *veil'd.*

Gre. Now, Lady, in ſpight of all my Rivals, you are mine.

Old. Gentlew. I am, Sir.

Gre. I know you are, and thereupon—— [*Offers to kiſs.*

Mr. *Will.* Not a kiſs, till you come to your Chamber, and then ſhe's your own all over.

Gre.

Gre. 'Tis enough: now if my Father would but die once.

Mr. *Will.* When *Pluſh* ſhall hear of this, he'l hang himſelf.

Gre. If he do make a wry mouth at the match, I cannot help it, I ſhould not do ſo by him though.

Save you, Gentlemen, we have the Lady.

Pluſ. We have the Lady, Gentlemen.

Sir *Ro.* Is my Siſter divided between you?

Sir *Oliv.* You cannot both have the Lady.

Pluſ. Alas, poor *Gregory.*

Gre. Alas, poor *Pluſh.*

Lov. Alas, poor Coxcombs: here's a coil indeed about a worthleſs ſhadow: what am I, Sir?

All. Alas, poor *Gregory,*— Alas poor *Pluſh.*

Pluſ. Why, who have I then?

Gill. Why, who do you think you have? this is no Ivy-buſh, nor I an Owl. D'ye ſtare upon me?

Thr. My daughter *Gillian!*

Abr. What my ſiſter *Gillian!* I thought by her ſcolding, ſhe would be a Lady.

Pluſ. Are you my wife?

Gill. I cannot tell, how do you think, Sir, ha?

Sir *Ro.* Come, Sir, be contented, ſhe's young and handſome, and no doubt will prove a fortune to you. But what ſay you, Sir?

Gre. Why, I ſay, I know not what to ſay, ſhe is not very old, is ſhe?

Sir *Rob.* In her Hood, ſome fifty, but in ſome other dreſſings ſhe has, ſhe may paſs for a thing of twenty.

Gre. Here be ſome Gutters, Channels, and long Lanes, but being fill'd up with a little Plaſter of *Paris*, the face may paſs.

Sir *Ro.* For a *Paris*-Garden face it may, Sir.

Old Gentlw. Come, ne're be melancholy, you ſhall find a woman of me, I'l warrant you.

Gre. Thou ſpeakeſt like a good old Gentlewoman. Well, an my wife would but die once.

Old Gentlew. How, ſweet-heart? your Father.

Gre. I know what I ſaid, I'l warrant you, if my wife would but die once.

Mr. *Will.* Come, you are ſo melancholy; why here's a man ſuffers as much as you or you, Mr. *Pluſh* and yet you ſee he's patient.

Raſ. I thought I had married a Lady too, but by Lady there is no ſuch matter, we muſt be contented now though.

Song.

SONG.

You that languish'd so long for those whom you find,
Have kindness for you, like the rest of man-kind,
Though Love and that cheat no man can indure,
Yet be constant and kind, tho they're false and unsure,
For in time you'l have something to ease a sad heart,
The pleasure to think how your Rivals do smart.
Here's a Brother, a Fop, and a country Clown;
A Sister, a Scold, and a Jilt of the Town:
These Babbies of Grace, to be faithful, as yet,
Resolve to debauch, by the Rules of the Writ.
To increase without fear of a monstrous preamble,
And hold forth to all they shall meet in their ramble.
To be faithful and true, are the Rules they admire:
To oblige ev'ry Brother, and quench ev'ry fire,
These Lambs of a Fold, like young Adamites move,
Make Text their enjoyment, Religion their love:
In a Pulpit they'l melt, like a Spark in a Coach,
Thump the Cushion and Preach, though they're big with debauch.

Bab. You may abuse the faithful, who are big with Grace and Labour, and rail against those careful Shepherds, who strive with the sweat of their brows to keep their Flocks from straying, you may. ——

From the time that Plush *and* Gillian *enter'd, the* Captain *entertains* Margaret *in dumb show till now.*

Capt. The Token I remember, and that after this Ladies Marriage I gave it thee, with a promise, If ever I liv'd to come ashore again, never to marry other.

Mar. You did, Sir.

Capt. Heav'n, I see, is just in ev'ry thing, and would not let me violate that Faith I had given up to thee. And since it has preserv'd me from a Fate severe as was my Merit: thus I make good my promise; Which is thy Father?

Mar. This, Sir.

Capt. Then to him I kneel, hoping he'l be so truly kind to give me his consent.

Thr. Captain, take it, you are a worthy Gentleman, and much deserve a better fortune.

Abr.

Abr. What another Lady of the Family of the *Thraſhards!* nay then I feel Honour creeps on apace, and I may be a Lord. Your ſervant, Brothers; nay I am bold, but 'tis my ambition to be acquainted with Gentlemen.

Capt. And you are welcome, we both are Brothers now.

Sir *Rob.* Why, God a mercy, Captain, now I love you dearly; and to expreſs how much I dote upon you, let's have a Dance, and then we'l move to Church, where I will play the Father.

Capt. I thank you, Sir.

A Dance.

Capt. Now, Gentlemen, let's go.

Never was day ſo doubly bleſt before,
Contemn'd by one, I found what I adore.
Double Affection too doth crown the End:
Finding a Miſtreſs, I have found a Friend.

Sir *Oliv.* *Honour to ſuch exceſs, in you I've found,*
Love, Virtue, Merit, it at once has crown'd.
Your Generoſity ſo highly mov'd,
By all the World you ought to be belov'd.
When friendſhip to ſuch height doth act its part,
At once you conquer, body, ſoul, and heart.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

YOu did expect ſome bawdy Farce to day,
Some glorious nonſenſe, or a thundring Play,
Enough to fright the huſſing Wits away:
But you are cheated, and inſtead of either,
We've tyr'd your patience with Harangue of neither.
How pleaſant 'twas to ſee ſome ſleep i' th' Pit,
Some ſerious Judges, and there dream of Wit,
Awake, I'm ſure they never thought of it.
Some in a corner 'mongſt the num'rous crowd
It ſeems were pleas'd, they laugh'd ſo monſtrous loud;
'Twas not at Play, but Beauty under cloud.
D---- me, ſays one, ſhe's handſome, wondrous fair;
Another, rot the Jilt, if two compare
In notes together, all the Pit deſpair.
Then humming round the creature yet unknown,
They court her to unmask, that being done,
Their ſtomachs nauſeate, and their love grows cool,
And all retire from unregarded fool.
We have no charms t' attract your face this way,
No gawdy Cloaths, nor Scenes to grace our Play.
Here you muſt be content with yea *and* nay.
But let that paſs: be kind, Gallants, for fear,
Through me your double dealings do appear.
I'm grown preciſe, a Siſter, and a Saint,
Lay'd by the Trade of Chamber-maid and Paint.
The lewd vocation of informing Cully,
Your Miſs admits th' Amours of ſuch a Bully.
They meet in private, and to tell you truly,
This night th' intrigue is done with Betty B——
Then Spark, deſpiſing all his Miſtreſs charms,
Perhaps, takes me into his longing Arms;
With patience leaves what was before his right,
And all to ſhun the danger of the fight.
But roaring Huff for ſuch affronts will cry,
D--- me, the Raſcal and the Jilt ſhall die.

But

But this is paſt, I am a Convert grown,
Abhor the lewd devices of the Town.
Move as the humor moves, ſometimes be bold,
A Shepherd may debauch in his own Fold.
The Lambs ſometimes muſt play; ſhou'd they be dull,
A Siſter ne're wou'd get her belly full.
Am I not happy then, in my new bands?
Gallants, do you confirm it with your hands.
I ſee your looks prognoſticate a ſtorm,
And if you pleaſe, your Quaker ſhall reform.
Religious Players, in this wicked Age,
Appear like Devils, and diſgrace the Stage:
Thoſe ſerious Fops have ruin'd all our pains.
To ſhun our Houſe will make a Saint of Haynes.

FINIS.